Prohibition and Politics *by Paul Y. Anderson*

The Nation

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Harvard—School for Scrubwomen

by Gardner Jackson

Dollars and Ships at London

a Summary

Woodberry—A Great Teacher

by Harold Kellock

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"Gentlemen, A NOVEL!"

JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH

ALMOST any book can get *some* favorable reviews. Even the superlatives are frequently too easily available. There are always a few friendly or lenient or obscure critics who can accommodate the blurb-writer or the headline virtuoso.

But acclaim—authentic acclaim from responsible and famous men of letters—is made of different stuff, and it is international acclaim of such magnitude which greets the American publication of this novel by JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH, "*—And Company*".

Rarely is it given to a publisher to launch a novel with such impressive tributes, and under such distinguished auspices. The introduction is by ROMAIN ROLLAND, the translation from the French is by C. K. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF, noted for his rendition of PROUST, and the comments quoted in this announcement are but typical of a larger homage which ARNOLD BENNETT, VAN WYCK BROOKS, PAUL CLAUDEL, and ISRAEL ZANGWILL are proud to pay to a novelist in the noble tradition of classical French fiction. These, in fact, are their own words, not the publisher's.

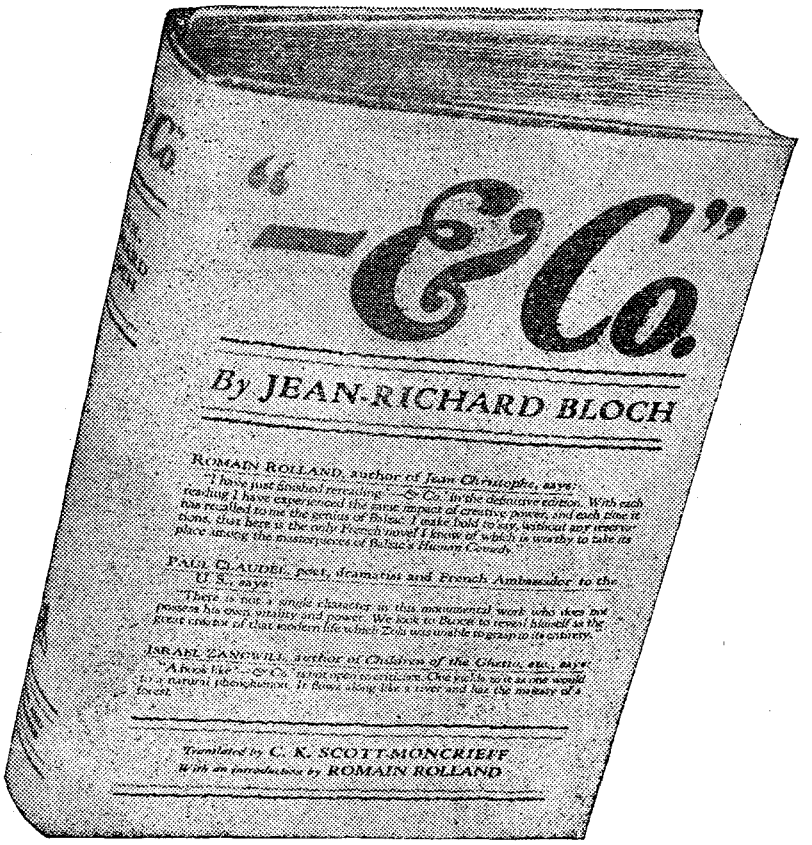
"*Gentlemen, a novel!*"

THE word genius is not used lightly by men of the standing of ROMAIN ROLLAND. In the case of "*—And Company*", by JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH, he uses it with measured deliberation—and without qualifying phrases.

"The great majority of novelists," says ROMAIN ROLLAND, "write from a shallow ink-well. They but scratch the surface of reality. They seize upon nature from a single angle, perhaps by means of external description, or through the minds of the characters, or through the use of movement or emotion. I know scarcely a single writer who, throughout a work of any size, comes to grip with life like an athlete, hand to hand—who embraces the entire mass of reality, his chosen prey, in the net of his spiritual and intellectual perception.

"Yet that is the very achievement of '*—And Company*'. The tribe of the Simlers is modeled from human flesh. We can see them, touch them; we can even carry away the living clay in our hands.

"For me, that is the first and indelible impression produced by this great book—even beyond the overwhelming interest of the story itself: an exceptional power of *integral* creation, of body plus soul. The verb 'to create' here takes on its full complement of meanings. The author has not only imagined or observed his characters. *He has engendered them.*"


"— & Co."
By JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH
ROMAIN ROLLAND, author of Jean Christophe, says:
PAUL CLAUDEL, poet, dramatist and French Ambassador to U. S., says:
ISRAEL ZANGWILL, author of Children of the Ghetto, etc., says:
Translated by C. K. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF
With an introduction by ROMAIN ROLLAND

IN describing the "amplitude and the solid construction" of this novel ROMAIN ROLLAND speaks unqualifiedly of "the genius of JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH", and continues:

"The outstanding and preeminent element in this book is obviously the Simler family. And in painting their portraits the author is incomparable. His treatment, his style, by emphasizing certain qualities, by making them stand out in monumental relief, by the abundance of the clay and the vigorous joy of the modeler who shapes it, borders very close on caricature, yet is majestic to the point of being epic.

"He reminds me of Daumier. There is the same firm touch, the well-rounded flesh and muscles, the michaelangelesque ardour in the bourgeois buffoonery, the *vis comica* (*tragica?*), the irresistible scenic movement, the genius not only of the individual portraiture (Hippolyte Simler is a world in himself), but of the *ensembles*.

"JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH has barely passed his forty-third year, and he is emerging from the furnace of the war. The war, which scarred his body with three wounds, has instilled a world of tragic experiences and emancipating disillusions into his spirit. It is this world which smoulders in a brain wherein a fever of creation and universal curiosity rages."

THE reader who confronts a novel entitled "*—And Company*" for the first time may wonder at its implications. There is drama in this story, there is passion, there is suspense, there is climax, there is imagery, and there is an astounding sense of character and continuity—but all these elements are steeped in a theme of timeless spiritual and ideological import—the struggle between man and his company—between individual and business—between personality and factory, between the hushed cry of Joseph Simler's love and the imperious summons of the daybreak siren over the looms and the smoke-stacks.

"*. . . . Most of all, the sword of his own eventual solitude pierced him to the heart . . . .*

"*. . . . The machines stand there in a row with the tranquillity of creditors, gluttonous and gorged . . .*

"*. . . . Wagons bring fresh looms and machinery. The roar increases. The family home, which originally regulated everything else according to its own rhythm, is no more now than a plank tossed upon the waves. A mighty din overwhelms the universe . . . .*"

THIS, then, is "*—And Company*", the book hailed by ARNOLD BENNETT, VAN WYCK BROOKS, ROMAIN ROLLAND, ISRAEL ZANGWILL, and PAUL CLAUDEL. This is the author acclaimed by the most eminent critics of England, France and Germany. This is the work selected by *The Book League of America* for February, now published by Simon and Schuster and on sale at all bookstores for $3.00.

from the INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
37 West 57th Street · · New York

"*A book like* '—AND COMPANY' *is not open to criticism. One yields to it as one would to a natural phenomenon. It flows along like a river and has the majesty of a forest.*"
—ISRAEL ZANGWILL

"'—AND COMPANY' *is a permanent achievement. It has some of the qualities of* BALZAC, FLAUBERT, *and* ZOLA. *It is written in the grand manner of the classical French fiction of the nineteenth century.*" ARNOLD BENNETT

"'—AND COMPANY' *is built on the scale of the masterpieces of French literature. It is worthy of the best work of* BALZAC."
—VAN WYCK BROOKS

"*I make bold to say, without any reservations, that* '—AND COMPANY' *is the only French novel I know which is worthy to take its place among the masterpieces of* BALZAC'S HUMAN COMEDY."—
ROMAIN ROLLAND

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The Nation

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THE YOUNG PLAN is in effect as far as the conference at The Hague could give effect to it, although the governments of the various countries concerned must give their approval before the plan can become legally operative, and the charter of the Bank for International Settlements must be accepted by the Swiss Parliament before the bank can be organized. The signature of the protocol, a voluminous document in some twenty-six different parts, was delayed mainly by the effort of Germany to avoid the possibility of sanctions in case it defaulted on its reparation payments, and by the vexatious difficulties which the settlement of the reparation claims of Rumania and Czecho-Slovakia against Hungary presented. The final adjustment at each of these points was, of course, a compromise. No sanctions are to be applied to Germany until the World Court has had an opportunity to pass upon the case, and Hungary, while paying more than it expected to pay after 1943, will be allowed to use a substantial part of its payments to satisfy the property claims of its subjects. A gratifying feature of the agreement is the release of Austria from all reparation obligations. Early steps will now be taken for the issuance of the first instalment of German bonds, representing the so-called mobilization or commercialization of the German annuities, and the personnel of the directors of the international bank will, of course, be actively canvassed. Burdensome as the annuities are, the Young Plan has at least gone a long way toward taking the reparations question out of politics, and for that the creditor countries as well as Germany may be grateful.

DESPITE THE FACT that the House of Representatives has passed the bill providing for a Haitian commission the measure seems to be in for hard sledding in the Senate, with some doubt as to whether or not it will be favorably acted upon in that body. Senator King, in voicing his disapproval of the commission, has again called for our retirement from the Island. Senator Borah is not, he declares, opposed to the commission, but he feels "that some things ought to be done without waiting for the report of the commission. We should appoint a civilian as high commissioner, or as governor, for that is what it is in Haiti. Secondly, we should give the Haitian people a free and untrammeled election." He added the truth that "we have not assisted them in the slightest in political affairs or in preparing them for self-government. . . . The United States Government ought to be ashamed to stand before the world at this time, with all our professions of peace and against military power, in the attitude of keeping a military heel upon a helpless people." That is, of course, what every American ought to believe. We cannot but think that this is a policy which will appeal to Mr. Hoover. If he feels that he must have a commission for face-saving purposes and in order to render the change of policy more palatable in certain quarters, by all odds let him have the commission. But in the end he must decide, and he must decide aright.

HOWARD LEE McBAIN, professor of Constitutional Law at Columbia University, has in an admirable letter to the New York *World* taken sharpest issue with Mr. Hoover's hand-picked and highly respectable Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement. Professor McBain discusses the recommendations in the Wickersham report on prohibition enforcement point by point. The "high standing and ability" of the commission, he declares, make it impossible for him to believe that the report was prematurely forced out of them by political pressure; therefore it must be taken "as the product of its [the commission's] mature deliberation and conviction. . . . This being so, it seems fair to say that this report is one of the most extraordinary public documents that has ever emanated from a non-partisan agency of inquiry." By "extraordinary" he means, at the kindest, "ill-considered." The Wickersham report displays, according to Mr. McBain, "an amazing ignorance of, or indifference to, both the law and the actual practice of district attorneys under the law." Nor does he retract a word of this criticism despite a sharp answer from Mr. Wickersham which, in fact, fails to meet Mr. McBain's chief objection.

THIS OBJECTION IS A SERIOUS ONE. The report's last point would permit the prosecuting attorney to decide whether to place a given offense in the class of a

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misdemeanor or a felony—after the case by the commission's own proposal has been classed as a misdemeanor. The commission, that is, in order to expedite justice and clear the federal courts of some of the thousands of prohibition cases that clog the dockets, has recommended that a class of "casual or slight violations"—not felonies—be specifically defined by Congress; that in order to avoid the delays of an indictment and a jury trial these cases be heard before a United States commissioner who will report his findings to a district judge for sentence; that if found guilty the offender may demand a jury trial; and that if he does demand a jury trial the district attorney may then decide whether or not the case shall be proceeded against as a felony. In other words, a "casual violation"—by definition not a felony—*is* a felony if the district attorney says it is. This, of course, is confusion worse confounded. It is difficult to doubt the reasoning and judgment of so sound a constitutional lawyer as Mr. McBain. He speaks with authority not to be lightly gainsaid. So far he has not been successfully answered.

A GOOD DEAL OF PREMATURE JUBILATION has been aroused over the "surrender" of the New York Legislature to Governor Roosevelt on the power question. The bill introduced by the Republican majority, it is true, does accept the principle that the St. Lawrence power sites shall forever remain inalienable to the people of New York, but as far as we can see that is really about all that it does do. It sets up a commission of five members to study and report plans for the development of power and a form of contract for its sale. It provides that, "if a development by a State authority is recommended in a plan which is approved by the legislature," then a corporate body of trustees shall be established with the powers necessary to carry out the plan. But as Senator Knight, majority leader, pointed out in an interview published on January 19:

> The so-called Roosevelt policy on water-power, as stated in his message to the legislature, is State development and State construction of transmission lines through a water-power authority. Now the bill just introduced does not declare any such policy.

So far as we can see, this is absolutely true. Further, as the Governor himself pointed out in an address delivered before the New York State Bar Association on January 18, the bill omits an important statement of policy contained in the Governor's bill of last year, namely:

> The development of the said power sites and the generation, transmission, and distribution of power therefrom shall be made in such manner and on such terms as to assure fair and impartial treatment of all consumers at the lowest rates compatible with a fair and reasonable return on the actual cost thereof.

We would not underestimate the gain involved in reaching any reasonable agreement for the development of New York's power resources. Nor would we detract one iota from the credit due to Governor Roosevelt and former Governor Smith for their admirable work. To those interested in seeing that the benefits of such development go to the people as a whole, however, we would point out that the battle is not ended, but just begun. Any plan recommended by the commission must be put through the legislature and, while one skirmish has been won, no one should imagine that the forces so long opposed to State development for public advantage rather than private gain have reached the end of their resources.

THE FEDERAL TRADE COMMISSION closed its inquiry into the publicity activities of the utility companies by refusing to allow their counsel, Bernard F. Weadock, to insert into the record something like a hundred documents purporting to show a concerted drive for public ownership which made necessary "defensive" propaganda on the part of the companies. Commissioner McCulloch ruled, correctly enough, that the commission had no authority to go into the activities of anyone but the utility companies themselves. Mr. Weadock was, however, allowed to list for the record the organizations that have lifted their horrendous heads to affright the timorous rulers of our electric empire—the League for Industrial Democracy, the National Popular Government League, the People's Legislative Service, and the Public Ownership League of America. He might have pointed out, but probably did not, that the yearly budget of all of them combined would perhaps be big enough to keep one or two of his State committees going for a month if they were not too active.

RACIAL INTEGRITY has long been a phrase to conjure with, and its magical potency continues to be invoked notwithstanding repeated condemnation by the United States courts. The city of Richmond, Virginia, in its zeal for the preservation of racial integrity, undertook by ordinance early in 1929 to designate the parts of the city in which whites only might reside and to exclude Negro residents from such districts. Some months ago a Negro, J. D. Deans, who was denied by the city the right to occupy a house which he owned in a district set aside exclusively for whites, won his case in the Federal District Court, and the decision of the lower court has just been sustained by the Circuit Court of Appeals. The city has, of course, a right of appeal to the Supreme Court, and the Assistant City Attorney, who has conducted the case, has announced that an appeal will be taken notwithstanding that segregation by ordinance has already been defeated in Louisiana and in Dallas, Indianapolis, Norfolk, and Louisville. The persistence of Richmond in doing what the Supreme Court will almost certainly set aside constitutes a kind of moral contempt of court for which, unfortunately, there is no legal penalty. It is taking an unconscionably long time for the South to learn that discrimination against the Negro simply because he is a Negro is unconstitutional.

THE PREPOSTEROUS PROPOSAL sponsored by the United States Department of Labor for registration of all aliens has been officially indorsed by the American Federation of Labor. The ostensible aim of the federation is to prevent the smuggling in of laborers from Mexico, and probably Canada, who will further complicate the unemployment problem. The actual result of such registration, as has been pointed out many times, will be aid and comfort to witch-hunters of all sorts. The unhappy alien who cannot show a registration card—for whatever reason—will be hounded out of employment. And it is very easy to sit down and think up reasons for withholding the precious certificate of worthiness. Only good aliens will hold cards,

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of that one may be quite certain. And "good" means regular according to the customs and opinions of any given locality. The A. F. of L. is again aligning itself with regularity—with Big Business, respectability, with the maintenance of the status quo; and one may respectfully point out to the officials of the American labor movement that only when labor has been in united and militant opposition to these manifestations of the capitalist system have such gains as it now enjoys been obtained and sustained. The eight-hour day, the forty-four-hour week, a living wage, proper working conditions, where they exist, were not secured by holding hands with the employers, but by outspoken and independent opposition. The A. F. of L. too often is finding itself on the wrong side of the fence.

THAT A MEMBERSHIP CARD in the Communist Party is not ground for deportation of an alien is the decision of Federal Judge Charles C. Simons of Detroit in the recent case of Joseph Paczkowski. Arrested in 1920 in the Red raids, he was found to have the fatal ticket in his pocket, and this was the ground for the original deportation order. He was one of the group saved at Ellis Island by Felix Frankfurter of the Harvard Law School, who pointed out that the United States could not deport to Russia while refusing that country diplomatic recognition. Since then, Paczkowski has lived in Detroit, has conducted a restaurant, graduated from a motion-picture operators' school, and is completing high-school courses in night school. Recently he attempted to secure final citizenship papers—he made his first application, by a coincidence, on the very day of his first arrest—and was seized when he appeared for hearing. Judge Simons dismissed the case and at the same time rebuked the agents of the Department of Justice for "hounding" Paczkowski for nearly ten years, causing him great personal inconvenience and expense, not to mention detention in jail. The only evidence against him at any time was the membership card. The court pointed out that Paczkowski had never been asked whether he believed in the principles of the party—he maintained that he never had—and that he was not told of his right to counsel before his original trial.

GOVERNOR YOUNG of California has written a long apologia to Fremont Older's criticism of him for turning the Mooney and Billings case over to the State pardon board after spending many months on the testimony—or at least with the testimony in his possession. In answer to Older's remark that an hour with the testimony ought to be enough to convince anybody of Mooney's innocence, the Governor replies plaintively:

> I am not yet convinced as to the innocence of these men. . . . I do not think for a minute that the cases are so weak that they cannot safely be intrusted to the Supreme Court. . . . I cannot conceive of anything fairer to everyone concerned than an honest and conscientious continuation of this study on the part of the Supreme Court, the pardon board, and myself.

To Mooney and Billings, now spending their fourteenth year in jail, leisurely contemplation of their case will not recommend itself too highly. It took the Governor a year to make up his mind that he did not want to rule on the case and wanted instead to "pass the buck." Mr. Older's characteristic reply to his plea for more time and more light was short and to the point. He said: "The pardon appeals rest on proved facts and no man who is aware of these facts, as Governor Young is, can doubt the innocence of these two men."

WHEN IN TROUBLE, apply to the Soviet Government. This seems to be the present policy of the Administration. A few weeks ago it was the rescue of Eielson and Borland. Next it is the American minister to Persia, who according to a recent Federated Press dispatch has lately traveled across the Soviet Union on a visa granted by the Russian Government. Travel by automobile through the mountains along the southwestern frontier of Persia in winter is disagreeable and dangerous, so Mr. Charles C. Hart, our new representative at Teheran, sought to go through Russia. Through Boris E. Skvirsky, unofficial Soviet representative at Washington, permission was granted and Mr. Hart received his visa when he passed through Paris. The Bolsheviks do not claim to be Christians, but when they remember Secretary Kellogg's refusal to let Mme Kollontai pass through this country on her way to Mexico they apparently recall also the words of St. Paul, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

THE DREADFUL DISASTER in California, in which the pilots and fourteen passengers of a regular passenger liner lost their lives, is but another in a long series of accidents to passenger planes. Each one makes it more evident that commercial transportation in this country cannot be considered to be firmly established until the efficiency of the German lines can be achieved. The German planes fly hundreds of thousands of miles annually with not over one serious accident a year. There is something so appalling in being burned to death in a crash that the public will not embark on airliners in any great numbers until accidents are practically eliminated. In this connection it is interesting to note that the Curtiss Tanager plane, which, on January 6, was awarded a prize of $100,000 by the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for winning the safe aircraft competition, has nothing revolutionary about it. It does, however, embody a number of ideas to the end that the lay pilot may "fly with satisfaction, security, efficiency, and safety." An officer of the Curtiss company declared that this was the most significant competition in the history of airplane development. But at the same time an official of the Guggenheim Fund declared that a fool-proof plane was an impossibility. Of this we are not so sure; we are eagerly awaiting developments of the Spanish aero-gyroscope invention and similar planes.

IN THE WASHINGTON letter published in our issue of January 1 there appeared an account of the recent discharge of Frank K. Boal, Washington correspondent of the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* and six other papers owned by Mr. Paul Block. According to the information given to our correspondent, Mr. Boal's discharge was connected with the alleged fact that Mr. Block was under financial obligations to Charles E. Mitchell, president of the National City Bank. Mr. Block informs us that he is entirely unacquainted with Mr. Mitchell, that he is under no obligations of any kind to the National City Bank, and that his only connection with that organization is a small personal checking account. We are glad to accept Mr. Block's assurance on this point, and we sincerely regret the injustice done him.

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The Hopes for London

AS we go to press the naval conference is meeting in London. King George has made his speech of welcome and, marvelous as it appears, the tones of his voice were relayed across the Atlantic and all over the American continent—a far cry from the days of that other King George who could not communicate with his American subjects and receive a reply within a period of three months. Besides the delegates to the conference a horde of newspaper correspondents and "trained seals" is deluging the American press with all sorts of contradictory rumors, guesses, opinions, and prophecies. It takes a stout-hearted reader to wade through the columns cabled every day. Indeed, we are inclined to urge that the public refrain from trying to winnow the grain from the chaff, and await accomplished facts. Many people, however, will not be ready to do this. For there is widespread recognition that the conference is of the utmost moment; that it is contending with headwinds and cross currents without number; and that its success or failure will tell tremendously in the history of the next few years. There can be no question that, if it fails, provided the several peoples involved do not assert themselves vigorously, we shall see the statesmen of the various countries embarking upon a naval race which will again fill the world with ill-will and suspicion.

We cannot at this moment contemplate anything of the kind. At the risk of again being called innocent and hapless optimists we shall believe until the last that something worth while will come out of this meeting of the Powers. What that will be no man can guess in the preliminary maneuvering that is going on. It may be only a further limitation of battleships, or the postponement of further construction of new battleships for a period of six years. Even this portion of a loaf would seem to us welcome and worth while if it should prove as successful in preventing further public irritation between the United States and Great Britain as was the Washington Conference in putting a definitive end to the talk of war between Japan and the United States. We remain hopeful, however, that more than that will be achieved —despite the wiseacres of the press. Certainly, the American delegation has every incentive to return with something more substantial. We are not even convinced that it is opposed to the total abolition of battleships. It has occurred to us that it may have been good strategy on the part of the American delegation not to espouse abolition of this obsolete weapon lest an immediate agreement upon this by the other Powers be used to prevent a limitation of other categories of ships. We believe that Mr. Stimson and Mr. Morrow are as sincerely desirous of achieving something worth while as any pacifist could ask. But if they were not, it would still be plain to them that, unless the Hoover Administration is to enter upon its second year with extraordinarily little on the credit side of its books, every political consideration demands a substantial achievement. Mr. Hoover sorely needs victory in London to have something to talk about in the coming campaign.

Nor can we believe that the delegates of the continental Powers will dare to return to their respective capitals without something accomplished. We cannot forget that when the conference was first proposed the press of France and Italy doubted very much that their respective countries would attend it. The success of Mr. MacDonald's visit to Washington brought about a marked change, and we cannot believe that when the whole world is longing for a genuine disarmament the ministers of France and Italy will be willing to put the Americans and English in the morally superior position of having been blocked by the two continental Powers. We do not deny the vigorous thundering in the index, or the marked diversity of opinion as evidenced by the French note of December 20, and the reply of the British Government on January 12. Both showed how wide the rift in the conference preliminaries had become. To the French observation that the Paris peace pact was not of itself sufficient to insure the world against war, the British Government could only answer that while it was true that "complete machinery for sanctions to enforce the various peace agreements now in existence" had not been devised, "public expectation will be disappointed" and "a tendency toward expansion in arms which is only too evident already will develop" unless those agreements are held to have brought such measure of security as to justify a beginning in the reduction of naval armaments. The French preference for limitation by global tonnage was met by a reiteration of the British preference for a "strict limitation of the types, tonnages, and guns of all categories of warships," although the British Government was willing to discuss the matter. The French insistence that all branches of national defense, sea, land, and air, should be taken into account in dealing with the navies was rejected, while in the matter of the proposal of a Mediterranean Locarno the British Government could only point to the League of Nations as affording facilities "for joint consultation in event of need" and express its readiness "to exchange views on the subject with all Powers concerned."

We know, too, that the emergence of related subjects, such as freedom of the seas, British naval bases, the allotment to Japan of a larger cruiser tonnage than the application of the battleship ratio of the Washington Conference would allow, and the future status of the battleship and the submarine had elicited so much difference of opinion as to lead Mr. MacDonald to assure the House of Commons that questions of general naval policy would not be brought up at the conference. Finally, on January 15 Mr. MacDonald, in an interview with the foreign correspondents at London, threw a sop to France by asserting in substance that no government will "propose or undertake" a naval reduction "that would endanger its people's sense of national security." Yet we believe that when the actual showdown comes, when the delegates sit around their tables aware of the high expectation with which the whole world has greeted this conference, they will find a way through the difficulties. Let us hope that it will be another milestone in the march toward peace, even though in its extent it is far, far behind what those who believe in complete disarmament would wish to see achieved.

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Buncoing the Farmer

THE refusal of the Senate, by a vote of 48 to 38, to sanction the higher tariff rates on sugar urged by the Committee on Finance constitutes another smashing defeat for the Old Guard and the saccharine Senator from Utah. On the roll call the melancholy remnant of the regulars suffered no fewer than nine defections. Among the deserters were numbered Capper, Goff, Keyes, and Metcalf, all of whom come up for reelection this year. Apparently these brethren think high sugar prices unlikely to endear them to the folks back home. Apparently they are right. The long debate on the sugar tariff, in the press as well as in Congress, enlivened by the lobby investigation, has contributed a good deal to public education on this issue, and possibly the inability of the Finance Committee to put across the added exaction proposed is due in part to such knowledge.

It never does to be too hopeful, however. When it is observed that the leading farm organizations of the country have been supporting a higher sugar tariff, it would seem that the economic education of the sturdy agriculturist has not been entirely completed. The boost proposed by the Finance Committee would raise the nation's sugar bill by something between fifty and seventy-five million dollars. Call it only $50,000,000. Of this amount conceivably as much as $7,000,000 might be added to the earnings of the small number of farmers who grow beet and cane, to a large extent on land that might be devoted more productively to other purposes. Against this hypothetical $7,000,000 all the farmers of the country would pay perhaps $11,000,000 more for the sugar they use. And this is the way to bring back prosperity to the American farmer by raising the tariff on farm products!

The Minneapolis *Tribune* has had the genius to generalize the argument. It has occurred to the *Tribune* that industry should not worry about foreign markets "when the world's greatest market lies right at its doors." "Iowa," it seems, "is a better market than India, Kansas is better than Kamchatka, and Minnesota is better than Mesopotamia." Therefore, the thing to do is to increase the buying power of the American farmer. His present income is approximately twelve billion dollars, but "were agriculture enjoying the same proportion of income that the rest of the United States is enjoying, that income would be eighteen billion dollars." The *Tribune* then sagely adds that "parity for agriculture means just that: an added annual income of six billion dollars." So all we need do is enact legislation creating parity for agriculture by raising a few tariff schedules and, behold, there will be six billion dollars more for industry and agriculture to divide between them, mostly for industry because agriculture will, of course, rush off and spend every cent that it earns in the shops of the nearest towns. The *Tribune,* grandly enough, is not concerned with the question of who will contribute that six billion dollars; whether, for instance, a large part of it will not come out of the workers in industry and, therefore, decrease their buying power in other directions.

For naivete and economic innocence this proposal surpasses anything that we have ever read. A great trouble with the American farmer is that he is "overproducing"; that he has a "surplus" beyond what he can sell to his fellow-Americans. Notwithstanding, the theory runs that if the tariff is put up the rest of America will be cut off from buying an occasional egg from China or a few bushels of corn from the Argentine, and in some mysterious way everything the farmer sells must be paid for at a higher rate fixed by the tariffs on foodstuffs. But industry, too, produces a great "surplus" which it can dispose of only by selling abroad—not for cash, because that never happens, but on exchange for goods from other countries. The instant our tariff goes up and makes it harder for the foreigner to export goods to America, he will be able to buy fewer American goods in exchange. Therefore, the proposal of the *Tribune,* if its theory were correct, would be aiming a double-barreled shotgun at our industry, which would have to pay higher prices for food in order to live and would at the same time have reduced markets abroad.

Now that is bad enough, but the truth is that you cannot raise prices by putting tariffs on foodstuffs without economically injuring everybody, including the farmer, except in those rare cases where the farmer raises everything he eats. More than that, it is not foreign competition which in any degree keeps down the prices that our farmers get for their products, but faulty and costly marketing methods, domestic competition, and the inability of the farmer to organize for the control of domestic markets.

But, after all, the *Tribune's* greatest error is that it has put the cart before the horse. What the farmer needs is not that elusive and impossible thing, parity in tariff obstruction, but a reduction of the existing duties. When he gets up in the morning he gets out of cotton sheets and woolen blankets upon which there is a high tariff, and puts on woolen underwear and a woolen suit the tariff on which, if imported, will be forty-four cents a pound. The boots which he pulls on, if American made, have hitherto encountered free foreign competition; hereafter they will be protected by a tariff of 15 per cent ad valorem. The hat which his wife wears is protected by a duty of twenty-five cents, her hose by one of 50 per cent; her underwear, if cotton, by 45 per cent, her handkerchiefs 10 per cent, her corset steels and clasps 35 per cent. She drinks coffee for breakfast out of an aluminum pot taxed five cents a pound in order that Mr. Mellon, the owner of the aluminum trust, may still further increase his enormous fortune; her coffee, crockery, table-cloths, glasses, and cutlery are all highly protected, and so is practically every single item that goes into the construction of a house, barn, or silo.

Yet it has never occurred to the Minneapolis *Tribune* or to most of our legislators that the quickest and surest way to increase the buying power of the farmer would be to lower the tariff on the articles he buys. It might even be of interest to the *Tribune* that two of the recent tariff commissioners, Edward P. Costigan and David J. Lewis, have declared that tariff reduction alone will help the farmer. But the *Tribune* and our high-tariff Congressmen are not concerned with facts. It is so easy to wave a magic wand, institute tariff parity on March 1, and have the farmer spending six billions of dollars more by the first of the following October!

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Exploiting Alaska

FIFTY million dollars' worth of salmon annually was the impressive investment discussed the other day in the House of Representatives at Washington. This is the maximum value of the catch taken—almost entirely by large canning companies—from Alaskan waters every year; the average, according to Dan Sutherland, Delegate from Alaska, is over forty millions. It represents a princely return to the large canneries which dominate the fishing industry; it represents at the same time penury and starvation to the natives, the Indians who are neither permitted, except under certain limited conditions, themselves to fish in their own waters nor to work for the canners who prefer, for good and financial reasons, to import Filipino or Chinese labor.

The population of Alaska, 55,000 in the census of 1920, is reported to be shrinking at the rate of more than 1,000 a year. The Indians are reported as destitute, living on a yearly income estimated by a generous government as something around $265 for a family and by Mr. Sutherland as about $150. In addition, they are permitted to catch all the salmon, for family consumption only, that they can. In other words, if they were willing to live on an exclusive diet of salmon, they would still have at most $265 left over for all other expenses. The income, such as it is, is derived entirely from salmon fishing. The natives fish by means of seines or nets, the canneries by traps which catch several hundred thousand fish in a season; in 1924, 57 per cent of the fishing was by traps; in 1928, 71 per cent. The percentage of seine-caught fish has declined from 38 to 25 per cent. Limitations on seine fishing are ostensibly for "conservation." That is, the ancient fishing streams may no longer be fished in because they interfere with spawning grounds, but traps a mile or so outside their bounds catch the run and leave none to escape. Yet when the native, individual fisherman seeks to attach his seine outside to give him somewhat the same effect as a trap, the government steps in and forbids the practice because it is contrary to its "conservation" plans. As Mr. Sutherland points out, the traps are permitted to operate day in and day out during the season of the run, with no attention given to the customary Sunday stoppage—which the natives are compelled to observe—or to shutting down for a period that may be rendered necessary in case the fish are not passing into the spawning grounds.

Mr. Sutherland, when pressed for a remedy for the double exploitation of a people and an industry, declared that the fault lay with the Bureau of Fisheries for permitting the canners to have their way, and the remedy with Congress, which can turn the fisheries over to the Territory itself for regulation and control, in imitation of every State in the Union and the Territory of Hawaii. No one pretends that any financial gain accrues to the government departments concerned because of the ruthless spoliation of the Territory. It is simply another case of bureaucratic stupidity and monopolistic cleverness. Together they make a splendid combination—for the monopolies. Mr. Sutherland's speech seems to have been received with open-mouthed indignation by his colleagues. "Why do you not introduce a bill?" they cried. "I have always had a bill," in effect he answered, "and so have my predecessors. You need only enact it."

The New Magazines

THE despairing comment that accompanied the death last year of the *Little Review* and the *Dial*, the lament that America could not support experimental literary magazines and that the old ardor of revolt was dying, was apparently premature. For this magazine-founding spirit is like some benign Hydra, and two quarterlies spring forth when one is cut down. Recent months have witnessed the appearance of the *Gyroscope*, the *Miscellany*, *Pagany*, the *New World Monthly*, and the *Symposium*, have nourished the *Modern Quarterly*, and have brought increased attention and prestige to the *Hound & Horn*.

The *Miscellany*, a bi-monthly edited by former Yale men, opens its December issue with a broadside against almost every reviewer in the country, and scores, incidentally, some palpable hits. For the most part, however, the new magazines are not bellicose in tone, and their announcements of policy are singularly non-committal and modest. *Pagany*, according to the declaration of its editor, Richard Johns, "will avoid any attempt to seek a standard, it is neither entering into connection nor competition with any magazine trying to make a point, to formulate a policy." The *Symposium* opens with the statement that "there is no critical tradition in America, nor can one be created by the mere enunciation of an editorial policy." And the *New World Monthly* informs us rather cryptically that "unlike the late lamented *Dial*," it does "not set up as a criterion of literary excellence," though later in the same article it accuses "the current so-called literary magazines" of "revolving about a central vacuum."

If we turn to actual content rather than to declaration of policy, what first strikes us in some of the new magazines is their marked interest in philosophical discussion. The first issue of the *New World Monthly* (January) devotes leading articles to John Dewey and Friedrich Nietzsche, while its February issue has articles on Whitehead's philosophy and on relativity. The *Symposium* contains an essay by John Dewey on Qualitative Thought and an admirable confession of faith by Morris R. Cohen which renews one's regret that he writes so little. The interests of *Pagany*, "a Native Quarterly," are almost purely literary. Many of its contributors are recruited from the *transition* group, and the leading influence seems to be William Carlos Williams, who compares Gertrude Stein to Laurence Sterne and issues a manifesto proclaiming his belief in "the word."

We regret to announce that the excellent *Symposium* has expired with its first issue; it has been taken over by the *Hound & Horn*. It contained no advertising, and neither does the *New World Monthly*, which announces that it is not subsidized, that it would not be kept alive artificially, that it depends solely on paid-in-advance subscriptions, and that it would "like to be able to get along without advertisers and the whole damned racket of magazine distributing." We wish it the best of luck. But because experimental magazines of high quality are so necessary a stimulus and so healthy a cultural sign, we hope, if present programs do not go well financially, that the new periodicals will not be too reluctant to allow fairly orthodox business methods to support unorthodox views.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

RECENTLY a well-known writer was shot and seriously wounded by masked bandits in a small New York restaurant. He was shot because he courageously refused to throw up his hands at the word of command, and instead advanced upon the leader of the gang. The fact that Mr. Garet Garrett was at one time managing editor of a New York newspaper might have earned him a certain consideration from his fellow-craftsmen. It did not. Naturally the fact of the shooting was front-page news, but the reporters did not let it go at that. An air of sinister romance was thrown over the whole affair. Desperately the press reports endeavored to suggest that this was no ordinary holdup but a shooting growing out of some ugly intrigue.

With all the facts in hand the police admitted that there was no ground whatsoever for this suspicion. The wounded man seems to have been placed in a false light for no better reason than that he did not care to talk to reporters at a moment when he lay in the hospital with severe hemorrhages from a punctured lung. Only this, together with the fact that a friend who bent over the bed was heard to say, "I'm sorry, G. G." This was taken for a code message. None of the detectives or reporters was bright enough to realize any relationship between the initials and the wounded man's name.

Probably Mr. Garrett has no redress in the matter of the incriminating rumors which were woven about him. A libel suit often serves to reinforce and call attention to a slander. In this case the bad taste and worse journalism cannot be laid at the door of the tabloids. One of the best and biggest of the New York newspapers was the chief offender.

However, the tabloids did have an opportunity to perform in their worst fashion a few days earlier. A young woman who was separated from her husband wandered into an apartment to see two young men who were casual acquaintances. She had been drinking and did not want to go home. The young men left her in the sitting-room of the small penthouse. In the morning she was found dead. She had suffered from heart disease. Here again the newspapers had every right to make prominent display of the facts in the case but none was quite content with that. And the tabloids not at all. The fact that the owner of the apartment happened to be a motion-picture director opened the way to suggestions of Hollywood orgies. The place itself became for tabloid purposes "a gilded bachelor's hall." This description must have been penned by some newspaper man or woman who had never been inside the apartment. I know it as a modest sort of penthouse, as I almost rented it myself a year ago.

"Broadway Film Romance Leads Rich Matron to Mystery Death" was the screaming headline in one of the tabloids. It proceeded to describe the likable young motion-picture man as "the blond playboy fresh from Paris's Montparnasse," "a favorite with women of two continents." The fact that the young man in question had not been abroad for six years did not in anywise cramp the style of the inquiring reporters. The dead woman fared even worse. She was "a wealthy woman known to the intelligentsia as 'the mysterious woman in black.'" Later it was said that "the vivacious" matron had a love for her host which "seemed to be a fixation." Also that she was "fond of smart clothes, dazzling jewels, and a life more exciting than her husband could give her," that she "began to trail celebrities," that she was "anxious to establish for herself a salon in the grand manner." And it was almost mentioned as the sin of sins that she frequented the restaurant of a hotel where New York columnists and actors often meet.

In all this there was scarcely a gram of truth. None of it represented any examination of facts by the reporter. Accidentally he was correct in speaking of the dead woman as vivacious. But that she "trailed celebrities," that "often she left her three-year-old son in order to entertain lavishly," and that she "paid marked attention" to the man in whose apartment she died—all this was pure invention. There was no reason why it should have been introduced except that the reporter said to himself, "This will help the story."

There ought to be a remedy. It cannot lie in law. Such libel laws as we have are of no use in such a case. The friends and relatives of the dead woman are so shocked and sorry that she died in a somewhat sensational manner that they do not care to stir up things. The remedy must lie in some effective way of expressing scorn for cheap and shabby newspaper work. This could best be expressed by the newspaper men themselves.

When a reporter refuses to divulge the source of information, as he certainly should, the point is raised that his position in the matter is much like that of the family physician. With this I agree, but there should be some sort of organization corresponding to the American Medical Association to establish rules of practice. Not quite like that, perhaps, because it seems to me that the association has had its moments of tyranny. I would not have the American Newspaper Association privileged to bar any reporter from practice. It should be enough for it to call fouls in order to discourage them. The scorn and disapproval of one's fellows on the job ought to be ample punishment.

And newspaper owners should abandon immediately one practice which tends to rob the individual of his rightful protection. Almost universally there is a tacit agreement among publishers never to mention libel suits against papers. A few are big enough and of sufficient importance to break through, but generally speaking libel suits against newspapers are not reported when they are instituted. When the action is ended that same silence is preserved unless the newspaper has won. In that event a very full account will be written. The idea is to create a public belief that no one gets very far in suing a newspaper. That indeed is the general idea, and for that reason many an individual permits a paper to hurt him vitally without striking back. I am willing to grant the fact that a newspaper can hardly avoid making a certain number of mistakes both mental and mechanical, but it has no right whatsoever to tolerate the cooperation of the reporter who invents mean and baseless slanders about individuals in trouble.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Harvard—School for Scrubwomen

By GARDNER JACKSON

HARVARD, richest of universities, recently discharged twenty cleaning women from Widener Library without advance notice or pay and without giving them any reason. These women had been in the employ of the university for periods ranging from thirty-three years to two. Harvard University is a vast business corporation employing hundreds of wage earners, excluding faculty members. Its ruthlessness in this case might perhaps be laid to our present industrial organization. But what are we to think when President A. Lawrence Lowell, asked by a minister to reconsider the case of one woman who is in dire poverty with her family of five depending on her as its sole support, replied that she and the others were dismissed because the State Minimum Wage Commission had complained that the university was employing scrubwomen at less than thirty-seven cents an hour?

The Massachusetts minimum-wage law provides for boards to set minimum rates of pay for women and minors in particular industries. In case any employer refuses to pay the prescribed rate, he is subject to no penalty except that the Minimum Wage Commission is to publish his name in the advertising columns of the newspapers. The decree covering "office and other building cleaners," effective February 1, 1921, fixes as the minimum payment "for the average worker of ordinary ability . . . for less than forty-two hours per week not less than thirty-seven cents per hour. . . ." In this particular case the women have been working since February 1, 1921, as employees of Harvard University at wages lower than those prescribed by the minimum-wage decree. Each year state inspectors have complained, but the complaints have been ignored. It is only within the past month that the matter has received any publicity. Meanwhile scrubwomen at the State House receive fifty cents an hour.

Reverend William M. Duvall, a young man, graduate of Boston University Theological School, who has taken courses in the Department of Social Ethics at Harvard under Dr. Richard C. Cabot and others, is pastor of the Trinity Community Methodist Episcopal Church in the slum district of East Cambridge. His church is, in effect, a settlement house to which he brings all races and religions. He wrote a personal letter to President Lowell expressing his astonishment that Harvard, with its traditions, should have treated Mrs. Emma Trafton (who lives in a dark, dreary tenement directly in the rear of Mr. Duvall's church) as it did. On December 30, 1929, President Lowell replied as follows:

> DEAR SIR: I have inquired into the discharge of Mrs. Emma Trafton from the Widener Library and I find that the Minimum Wage Board has been complaining of our employing women for these purposes at less than thirty-seven cents an hour, and hence the university has felt constrained to replace them with men. Some of them, I hope many of them, will be able to be employed at some other work in the university.
>
> (Signed) A. LAWRENCE LOWELL.

Mr. Duvall was bowled over by the president's letter. Until then he had not known the cause for the women's dismissal. He was complaining only about the heartless manner of it. But here was a brusque note from President Lowell announcing that Harvard University would not raise the wages of the cleaning women from thirty-five cents an hour (which Mr. Duvall knew Mrs. Trafton was receiving at the time of her sudden discharge) to thirty-seven cents to conform to the findings of a State board. Mr. Duvall, when he showed me the letter, asked if I did not agree that the circumstances warranted making it public. Fully appreciative of the ethical problem involved in disclosing a private letter, he did not finally decide to do so without serious thought. The sorry predicament of Mrs. Trafton was the precipitating factor. She has tramped the streets looking for work, making numerous trips to Harvard in search of the "some other work at the university."

Were human misery not involved in the cases of several of the women discharged the position taken by President Lowell would seem more humorous than anything else. The Boston *Post*, which published the facts on the front page on January 16, approached the situation from that angle. In his lead, the *Post* reporter figured out that the two-cents-an-hour increase in wages demanded by the State Minimum Wage Commission would amount to $2 a day (the women worked from six a.m. to eleven a.m. in Widener Library) or $12 a week for the twenty women. The increase would have given each woman sixty cents more a week, or $11.10 instead of $10.50. The *Post* did not point out, as it might have done, that Harvard has investments conservatively listed by the treasurer's recent annual report at $81,000,000.

All the women I interviewed told essentially the same story of their discharge as was told by Mrs. Trafton, who had been an employee of the university for thirteen years. About half of them were peremptorily discharged on November 1 last. The others were discharged without notice on the Saturday before Christmas—"a fine Christmas present," as Mrs. Katharine Donahue ruefully described it. Mrs. Donahue has been in the employ of Harvard for thirty-three years. She said that so far as she has been able to find out the university has neither pension nor compensation provisions for its old employees.

C. R. Apted, superintendent of the yard and buildings at Harvard, who signed the notices discharging the women, and other officials at Harvard say that it was the university's intention to replace the women with men anyway and to work the women into other jobs. One can only remark that it was most unfortunate that the Minimum Wage Commission's insistence should have been the factor crystallizing that intention. The Harvard officials further say that three or four of the women have already been put to work in the dormitories. That is true enough, but the dormitory women get only thirty-two cents an hour. Chambermaids do not come within the provisions of the minimum-wage law. The cleaning women at the Fogg Art Museum get thirty-seven cents an hour; thirty-five cents are paid by the university, the additional two cents by an alumnus.

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Noting the facts in the case, Representative William H. Hearn of East Boston has introduced a resolution into the State Legislature calling upon that body to "deplore the action of Harvard University, or any of its officers, in refusing to accept the theory or principle of any of these statutes, and that said action was, in our opinion, contrary to what an overwhelming majority of the citizens of the Commonwealth had expected would be the action of the university or its officers under such circumstances." Particular significance attaches to Harvard's avoidance of the law because of the tax-free privileges the State accords the university.

The incident gives fresh illustration of the ineffectiveness of the minimum-wage law of Massachusetts, which provides no effective penalty for disregard of the findings of the Minimum Wage Board. Weak as the law is, the Minimum Wage Commission, headed by Commissioner of Labor E. LeRoy Sweetser, has been unwilling to enforce it aggressively. But for Miss Ethel M. Johnson, Assistant Commissioner, the commission would have been virtually inoperative for several years past.

Prohibition and Politics

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, January 18

PROHIBITION can hardly be said to have prohibited, or even reduced, the consumption of alcoholic beverages in Washington, but since the holidays it has effectively prohibited the discussion of any other issue. Tariff, farm relief, railroad consolidation, prosperity, the radio scandal—all have been forced to yield the rostrum to the Noble Experiment, regardless of whether anything new or valuable was being said on the subject. The Wickersham commission's recommendations for "tightening up" enforcement contain little that is new, and what is new is not sure of adoption. The transfer from the Treasury to the Department of Justice is an obvious and oft-urged step that would have been taken years ago if previous administrations had not been so fearful of offending the haughty Mr. Mellon. (Incidentally, it may be said for Mr. Hoover that he has never shown the slightest reluctance about stepping on those sacred toes; indeed, at times he has seemed to delight in it.) The truth about the preliminary report is that the commission was stampeded into premature action by the criticism of the professional and fanatical Drys in Congress. By tossing this hunk of raw meat into the pit the commission hoped to keep the animals quiet while it proceeds with its real task—that of making a thorough and comprehensive study of the whole vast field of law, its observance, violation, and enforcement. Royal commissions completed similar tasks in Great Britain and Canada—and saw their labors bear fruit—more than forty years ago. It is a pity that when at last the effort is begun in the United States it must be rendered more difficult by the selfish heckling of vote-hunting politicians. It is equally pitiful that the President who had the intelligence to inaugurate the task lacks the courage to stand between his commission and those who seek to make political capital by harassing it. Nothing that the commission could recommend concerning prohibition is likely to have much effect, because the lines on both sides of that question are too tightly drawn; but its studies and recommendations might have a tremendous effect in modernizing and improving our antiquated legal procedure, police methods, and penal system. The wet Senator La Follette and the dry Senator Norris realize that, and were quick to demand that the Joneses and Harrises keep their hands off. Unfortunately, all the commission's troubles do not arise from the outside. It has been seriously embarrassed by the attitude of two of its own members, one of whom is temperamentally unfitted for team-work, and the other of whom cannot forget that he was once a politician with a notable flair for publicity.

* * * * *

BUT it's an ill wind that fills no political sail. Prohibition produces more smoke screens than those utilized by rum runners, and many a Republican Congressman who was wondering a month ago how he would explain his tariff vote to the home folks this fall, breathes easier now. In the clamor over the fate of the Black Duck he sees an escape from becoming a lame duck himself. Noting the extent to which the prohibition tumult has obscured other things, a more suspicious observer might wonder whether it was wholly spontaneous. To say the very least, it was a godsend to such dry Republican Senators as Goff of West Virginia, Allen of Kansas, and Deneen of Illinois, who were confronting the imminent problem of defending the indefensible votes they had cast on numerous measures, as well as to such Democratic Drys as Glass of Virginia and Harris of Georgia, who similarly were contemplating the difficulty of making their dry Protestant constituents forget how valiantly they campaigned for Al Smith. In other words, it is demonstrated once more that the curse of prohibition, from a political standpoint, is that it is a red herring dragged across the records of public men on every other public question.

* * * * *

IF further proof were needed, the last straw would be forthcoming from Nebraska, where Senator Norris is faced with the opposition of the Anti-Saloon League in his campaign for reelection. As everyone knows, Norris has always voted dry. What is more unusual, he drinks dry. In the last Presidential campaign, after comparing the records and pledges of Hoover and Smith as a whole, especially on the subjects of farm relief and water-power, he supported Smith despite the latter's wetness. It was an exhibition of political courage and personal honesty almost without a modern parallel in this country. Yet because he realized that more than one issue was involved, and because he decided that other issues combined were sufficient to outweigh that one, the bigots of Nebraska would retire him to private life, and deprive the country and their State of its most valuable public servant! At present they appear to be in a minority, but Uncle George undoubtedly has a fight on his hands. His opposition is not confined to the Anti-

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saloon League. Indeed, there is evidence that the league merely occupies the front-line trench, and that behind it the electric-power industry is mobilizing its resources in preparation for a supreme effort to eliminate the man who has been the most persistent and successful opponent of schemes to grab the natural power resources of the country. It will be interesting to see whether Mr. Hoover consents to have his Administration made a party to this conspiracy.

* * * * *

IN the Senate, among political weapons, the sledgehammer is preferred to the mousetrap. The Progressives wielded it effectively when the Republicans went into conference behind closed doors to fight out the question of whether Bob La Follette should have the vacancy on the Finance Committee to which seniority entitled him. When the Old Guard trotted out Metcalf of Rhode Island as a candidate, it was pointed out that his selection would give representation on the committee to every New England State except Maine. Old Guardsmen protested that the West had been given many places on important committees. "Yes, you not only give us representation, but you pick our representatives for us," derisively retorted Norbeck of South Dakota. George Moses attempted to make a virtue of the fact that he had voted against Metcalf. "And everybody knows why," rejoined McMaster of South Dakota; "you voted against him because he told you to stay out of his State during Senatorial campaigns!" Young Standpatter Glenn of Illinois averred that Senators were asking for committee assignments as Republicans who had forfeited their right to the party name by refusing to support President Hoover. "True," cried Senator Norris. On the tariff, the most important matter before Congress, the President had asked for a limited revision, but the Old Guard, in utter defiance of his wishes, had attempted to carry out a general revision, and had only been prevented by the loyal insistence of the Progressives and Democrats that the bill follow the President's requirement. Norris was in favor of depriving every Old Guard Senator of his committee assignments. Two days of this sort of bludgeoning was enough for Moses, Smoot, Bingham, and Watson. Young Bob got the job.

I HAVE observed in recent days that some of my colleagues, or their editors, have been taking a more lively interest in—and a conspicuously different attitude toward—the Radio Corporation's activities and ambitions. This may or may not be due in part to Mr. Joseph Pierson's harrowing recital from the witness stand of what happened when newspapers endeavored to obtain equipment from the Radio Corporation for use in the transmission of news. First they could not obtain it at all. Then deliveries were inexplicably delayed. A corporation, Press Wireless, was formed to use and hold in trust twenty interoceanic channels that had been assigned to the American press. To use these channels it must have equipment which could be obtained only from the Radio Corporation. Officials of that company stated bluntly they were getting a nice rate on press messages, and desired to keep the business. Finally, after much dickering, they stated the terms on which Press Wireless could "rent" equipment. First, it could not engage in transoceanic communication at all—only within the United States. Second, it could not operate as a mutual association, but must be conducted to make a profit. Third, it must buy all parts from the Radio Corporation, and must pay the price of the General Electric Company for building the apparatus, plus a profit of 45 per cent to the Radio Corporation. The Radio Corporation must be allowed to inspect not only its apparatus, but its books and accounts, at will. Its facilities must always be at the disposal of the Radio Corporation's own clients. And so on. Pierson, general manager of Press Wireless, summed up the conclusions of himself and his associates thus: "These terms do not appear to have any purpose except that of preventing competition in the field of wireless communication. . . . Some of our directors are of the opinion that it is an effort to make the American press a colony of the electric-power empire which seems to be grasping for complete control of the water and air in the United States." I hope to be pardoned for reminding hero-worshipers that when the foregoing occurred, the head of the Radio Corporation and the head of the General Electric was that illustrious humanitarian and economic statesman, Owen D. Young.

Woodberry—A Great Teacher

By HAROLD KELLOCK

IT is over a quarter of a century since George Edward Woodberry resigned as professor of Comparative Literature at Columbia and ended his active teaching career. Yet for thousands of his former students his personality has remained as the most vital scholastic memory of their college days. Hundreds of them have kept in personal touch with him, and the Woodberry Society, organized years ago in his honor by the men who had sat under him, still endures. Only a few months ago I happened to sit at luncheon at the Columbia University Club with some half-dozen alumni, now mature men immersed in law, editorship, and real estate. Suddenly, out of random talk about prohibition, plays, Russia, the football team, one asked: "Has anyone heard from the Old Man lately?" One had had a letter from Mr. Woodberry and the others were all attention while he repeated phrases from it. There was no question from anyone as to the identity of the Old Man.

This continuing intimate feeling for Mr. Woodberry among his students of years ago has been all the more remarkable because most of these men have long since outgrown or grown away from or even wholly forgotten what might technically be called his teachings. A poet and a brilliant young scholar, out of Harvard with the class of 1877, he came to Columbia to teach in 1891 on the recommendation of James Russell Lowell. He had been reared in the Victorian New England tradition with its background of classicism, and he ripened at a time when the Victorian note was wearing thin and, in perspective, the New England giants were rapidly diminishing in stature. As the new century came on new forms were breaking through the old

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molds, and fresh ideas were contending with old values. Everywhere the young age was full of questionings—about the position of women, about the status of labor, about the validity of scores of accepted conventions and rituals, even about the very social structure itself. Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wells, and on the continent Anatole France and others were turning established systems of ethics topsy-turvy and playing hob with all sorts of social sanctities. All this ferment awoke no reaction in Mr. Woodberry. If he observed it at all he dismissed it as a passing irrationality. It had no relation to Keats and Shelley, Whittier and Emerson, and the Mediterranean classics.

Obviously he was old-fashioned. His horizons were restricted. When the World War broke out he worked himself into a state of tremendous excitement. When I gently took issue with him for wasting so much emotional energy on an international dogfight, he explained that the earliest recollection of his boyhood was of men marching off to save the Union, and probably war was in his blood. Later he apparently rationalized on the subject, for he wrote me at length to the effect that Germany had been untouched by the Renaissance or by Mediterranean culture, and therefore was merely a barbaric survival that must be destroyed. After the Soviet revolution he advanced a similar theory to explain the benighted Russians. I would not emphasize such naivetes unduly. In the case of Mr. Woodberry somehow they do not seem to matter, any more than the fact that he could never learn the technique of crossing a street in traffic or the simple art of getting his necktie straight. Moreover, despite his peculiar limitations, in his thought there was often something of that adventurous quality one finds sometimes in scholars whose ancestors have lived on the sea.

Mr. Woodberry's magic was *sui generis*. He was a great teacher, I believe, because he was an authentic poet. I am aware that his verse has been judged coldly among such latter-day critics as have deigned to notice it, and I am not concerned with that, though I have a feeling that at least one of his poems, The Mighty Mother, bears the true stamp of the muse. Had Mr. Woodberry never written a line of verse, he would be proved poet by his teaching. The proof lay not only in his tenderness and his rare understanding of the raw boys before him, but in the way in which he poured out himself and the best that was in him without stint or limit. Within his scope Mr. Woodberry had much to give, and only a poet could have given with such lavishness.

In my day, freshman classes were rough and undisciplined. The young animals took great delight in planning wild demonstrations to discomfit their professors. One would have expected Mr. Woodberry to be a shining mark for the disturbers. In appearance he was always a bit wrinkled and disheveled. His hair was usually parted in zigzags, his bow-tie (it was always the same tie, only once renewed during his thirteen years at Columbia) was invariably awry. As a disciplinarian he was a complete failure. He was painfully shy. Yet, while more competent custodians of order found themselves as the term advanced still struggling with their turbulent charges, Mr. Woodberry held his packed classrooms completely quiet after the first two or three lectures. Possibly the boys sensed in him something youthful and groping that made them recognize him as one of themselves. At any rate, from the outset, they seemed to realize that this slight stooping figure with the funny walrus mustache represented a personality that wanted to give them something, that had an affection for each of them as an individual.

Thus, from the beginning, a classroom rapport was established. Within a few days Woodberry would shyly begin calling this or the other boy by his first name. His private office at the university, where the door was never locked, would become a friendly club for such of the new classmen as cared to drop in, and his apartment downtown was revealed also as a student club, perhaps appreciably more select. He had a genius for getting on intimate terms with the ill-adjusted boys, and making them easy in their new environment. To the "literary" group among the students he became an affectionate mentor, but his particular friendships had a wide range and embraced many who had no special aptitude for *belles-lettres,* even poor chaps who seemed to have no aptitude for anything whatever.

In interpreting a poet, Mr. Woodberry never failed to interpret the man and to relate him to living problems and passions in terms which the students could understand. Once, in the course of a lecture on Keats, he paused in the midst of reading one of the poems. After a minute he removed his glasses and enveloped the class with his Mona Lisa smile. "Of course if young Keats were sitting among you he would probably be ranked lowest in the class," he said, "but assuredly he would have the best time. You see, he was a poet. If I were running a college I would work out an experiment whereby the boys who had the best time would get the highest marks. But then, I suspect I am not a real professor."

By touches like this he made Keats come alive. I think even dull-witted youths in Mr. Woodberry's courses came almost to "see Shelley plain." He never played for effects, but he was always getting them, largely because of the tenderness implicit in his attitude. His was the real magic of the poet-teacher. I think he never "prepared" a lecture in any real sense. He had the art of making a spontaneous orientation to his subject and to his hearers. The idea was there, as in a deeply filled reservoir, and he seemed always assured of a steady flow. In an old-fashioned sense he was too thoroughly the gentleman ever to resort to sham and too thoroughly the aristocrat either to play the superior or to stoop to conquer.

There is the curious story of a man of mature age who repeated the same series of courses under Woodberry for several successive years. He was a graduate of Yale who had been associated with Mr. Arthur Brisbane for a period in making the New York *Evening Journal* of that day a major disturbance of Park Row. This man decided to quit the Hearstian uproar for a time and acquire an acquaintance with literature. He listened in before a number of professors of literature in and about New York, and, as I recall it, was about to return to Mr. Brisbane when he wandered into one of Mr. Woodberry's classes; at the close of the hour he announced abruptly to the lecturer, "I've decided to take all your courses." After several years of sitting before Mr. Woodberry this student-repeater told me that he had never heard Mr. Woodberry give the same lecture twice and he had never come away from any lecture without new appreciations and ideas.

A peculiar tenderness was reserved by Mr. Woodberry for those students who were planning to become teachers

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themselves. These were not, as a rule, the more brilliant or the more interesting boys, but for Mr. Woodberry they were distinctly a class apart, the elect to whom he would pass on his torch. I fancy he gave them little to help them in a material way, for he was not what is called a practical man. Probably most of them discovered that it was necessary to revalue many of the Woodberrian values, in literature as well as in worldly matters. But he sent these fledgling teachers forth with gifts beyond price, to be transmitted to further generations of students, gifts of a quickened sensitiveness to beauty, a broader human understanding, gifts of patience, humility, and loving-kindness. It warms one's heart to believe that something of Mr. Woodberry's quick and gentle spirit has thus been carried to many a far-flung classroom to revivify the humanities for the American students of today and tomorrow. In an editorial on sham patrioteers in an early issue of the *Irish Statesman,* George Russell (Æ) defined patriotism as "improving the quality of life in a country." According to this definition, George Woodberry must be ranked as a great American patriot.

In Columbia College it was the custom for every graduating class to vote for its favorite teacher. In Mr. Woodberry's day there was never any doubt as to the choice. When he resigned his professorship his students paid him one of the finest tributes ever accorded an American teacher. The immediate cause of his resignation was his feeling that the college authorities had made inadequate provision for some of his assistants. Within a few days after he announced his intention to withdraw, his students had pledged a sum sufficient to continue his department for several years, and his former students among the alumni came forward with a similar fund. The three student periodicals at the university began a crusade to retain Mr. Woodberry on his own terms. The agitation did not cease until Mr. Woodberry had repeatedly requested that no further controversy be raised.

"For the teacher," said Mr. Woodberry, as he parted with us on graduation day, "life is a perpetual *ave atque vale.*" His premonitory tenderness made him peculiarly sensitive to these annual partings. We had entered deeply into his heart, and most of us came to realize, perhaps only in later years, how he had penetrated ours. As the years wore on he sometimes came to think that he had been a failure. The world had moved beyond him, his writings were neglected, and his gentle personality seemed almost obliterated in retirement. Now that death brings him into perspective it becomes clear that however posterity may rate him as poet and critic, he is assured of the immortality of the teacher who gives to youth with generosity and love.

Dollars and Ships at London

THE assembling of the London Conference once more brings sharply to public attention the economic burden of armaments and the actual naval equipment of each of the Powers represented. For convenient reference the following memorandum has been prepared in the office of *The Nation.* The expenditure figures are taken from the valuable Armaments Supplement published by the *Economist* (London) in its issue of October 19 last. It was prepared by Mr. P. Jacobsen, Secretary General to the Defense Council of Sweden, and the figures in all cases were drawn from official sources. The naval data, taken from the World Almanac for 1930, were compiled by the Department of the Navy of the United States as of July 29, 1929.

The total armaments expenditure (including pensions) of the world for the latest available year (generally 1928) was 22,392,400,000 gold francs, or approximately $4,300,000,000. The expenditures of the leading Powers were as follows:

ARMAMENTS EXPENDITURES

	Millions of francs	*Percentage of national income*
United States	4,553	1.1
Great Britain	2,900	3.
France	2,286	4.6
Italy	1,333	4.3
Japan	1,215	—
Germany	942	1.3
Russia	2,440	—
India	1,069	—

The figures in the first column illustrate the statement made by President Hoover on July 29 last: "The American people should understand that current expenditure on strictly military activities of the army and navy constitute the largest military budget of any nation in the world today, and at a time when there is less real danger of extensive disturbance to peace than at any time in half a century." Our military expenses (including pensions), it will be noted, are more than one-half greater than those of Great Britain, and nearly as large as those of France, Italy, and Japan combined.

Nevertheless, owing to our enormous wealth, this huge expenditure absorbs only about 1 per cent of our national income. The United States, in fact, spends on armaments about the same proportion of its national income as Australia. What is even more striking, we spend a smaller proportion of our income on war-making than does disarmed Germany. France and Italy, on the other hand, spend more than 4 per cent of all they produce on these war activities. As for Europe as a whole we quote Mr. Jacobsen's words: "If full data were available, it would probably be found that Europe as a whole spent on armaments at least 3 per cent and perhaps not far from 4 per cent of its aggregate income." To make another comparison, the 120,000,000 people of the United States have a total income probably about as large as the 480,000,000 of Europe, and somewhat larger than the total received by the remaining 1,300,000,000 inhabitants of the globe living outside the United States and Europe; of the world's total real armament outlays, about two-thirds are expended by Europe, one-sixth by the United States, and one-sixth by the rest of the world. Thus Europe, with a trifle more than a third of the world's income, accounts for two-thirds of its armament expenses, while we, with an equal income, spend only one-sixth of the war moneys, and the rest of the world, with a slightly smaller income, an equal amount. It may be noted in passing that the arma-

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ments expenditure of all the Central and South American states put together, with an area of nearly 6,900,000 square miles and a population of 69,000,000, come to something less than $195,000,000, a sum smaller than that spent by Spain and Portugal, which have an area of only 225,000 square miles and a population somewhat above 27,000,000.

Armaments expenditures (this time excluding pension charges) before and after the war compare as follows (000,000's omitted):

PRE-WAR AND POST-WAR EXPENDITURES

	Average 1909-13	*1928-9*	*Percentage of pre-war*
United States (dollars)	300	658	219
Great Britain (pounds)	64	98	150
France (francs)	1,525	2,200	144
Italy (lire)	630	1,200	190
Japan (yen)	192	450	235
Germany (marks)	1,435	716	50
Russia* (rubles)	718	915	127

It will be noted that with the single exception of Japan we have increased our expenditures over those of the pre-war period more largely than any other Power, spending in the fiscal year 1928-29 considerably more than twice as much as the average of the five pre-war years. Of course the increase of prices must be taken into account, but even making that allowance, the actual expenditure of our country is largely increased. Europe as a whole is spending today 8 or 9 per cent more on armaments than in 1913. The countries outside Germany spent £386,000,000 a year before the war; they spend £487,000,000 now. Taking price changes into account, the present figures are somewhat greater than the average of 1909-13.

Turning to budgets, we find that in the United States, as has been pointed out over and over, if interest payments and pensions are included, 80 per cent or more of our federal expenditure goes for past or future wars, as against 70 per cent in Great Britain and a corresponding proportion in France. The higher proportion here is due to the fact of much greater government centralization in the other two countries, notably in France, so that our non-military activities and the corresponding expenditures here are more largely in the hands of State and local governments. The figures for these great countries, none the less, may profitably be compared with those of neutral states which have enjoyed peace for a century. The relatively decentralized Swiss government devotes less than a third of its expenditures to war purposes; Sweden less than 20 per cent.

In using any of these figures it must be remembered that it is not possible to make comparison of actual military or naval strength between countries on the basis simply of expenditures, owing to differences in military systems (as in voluntary versus conscript service, for example), in wages, prices, and a dozen other items. It should also be observed that such figures as these represent the absolute minimum of war costs, and that the actual burden is higher than that here pictured which takes no account of military measures that divert economic resources from their most productive uses.

We turn now from figures of expenditure to examine the actual fighting ships of the five Powers represented at London. As of July 29, 1929, our Navy Department reported their number and tonnage as follows:

* Including pensions.

CAPITAL SHIPS (BATTLESHIPS AND BATTLE CRUISERS)

	Number	*Tonnage*
United States	18	525,850
British Empire	20	556,350
Japan	10	301,320
France	9	194,556
Italy	4	89,976

AIRCRAFT CARRIERS

	Number	*Tonnage*
United States	4	92,500
British Empire	6	107,550
Japan	3	63,300
France	1	21,653
Italy	None	

CRUISERS

	Built		*Building*		*Approp. or Authorized*		*Total*	
	No.	*Tonnage*	*No.*	*Tonnage*	*No.*	*Tonnage*	*No.*	*Tonnage*
United States	10	75,000	8	80,000	15	150,000	33	305,000
British Empire	52	308,700	7	66,000	3	22,000	62	396,700
Japan	28	163,955	5	50,000	—	———	33	213,955
France	11	89,369	4	36,496	1	10,000	16	135,865
Italy	11	63,419	5	30,000	6	50,000	22	143,419

DESTROYERS

	Number	*Tonnage*
United States	284	337,996
British Empire	153	189,165
Japan	99	108,260
France	58	69,291
Italy	71	76,995

SUBMARINES

	Number	*Tonnage*
United States	108	81,807
British Empire	50	45,472
Japan	61	61,357
France	45	35,631
Italy	40	20,696

In examining these figures, certain facts may be noted. All capital ships listed are under the effective age of twenty years. There are no capital ships of either type building, appropriated for, or authorized. The cruiser figures show why attention has been centered on this category in recent years. Cruisers, it will be recalled, were not limited in number by the Washington treaty, but were restricted to 10,000 tons. In cruisers built we hold fourth place, and even when those under construction are completed we shall still be only a bad third. Hence the huge program urged by the Navy Department in 1928, and when that was defeated, the successful fifteen-cruiser bill. It will be observed that the tonnage of cruisers appropriated for or authorized by us is nearly twice as great as that correspondingly provided for by all the other Powers put together, which have authorized but ten. In destroyers and submarines, by contrast with cruisers, we are at present far in advance of any other Power. It may be observed that Great Britain is building twenty destroyers and fourteen submarines; Japan eight and nine respectively; France eighteen and thirty-two; and Italy eleven and thirteen.

[*The first of Mr. Norman Angell's articles on the London Conference has been delayed in the mail, and will appear in our next issue.*—EDITOR THE NATION.]

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In the Driftway

LIKE the sailing ship and the hansom cab, the old-school proofreader is practically extinct in this country. There was a time when proofreading was a profession requiring as much preparation and knowledge as to be an editor—however much that may be. The proofreader was the peer of the editor, concerned not only with punctuation and spelling but with grammar and rhetoric, with slips in quotations and literary allusions, with errors in names and dates, and generally with the verification of fact. He had to be a scholar and a linguist. But within recent years proofreading has been largely taken over by the typographical unions and is often assigned to printers who because of age or other reasons are less useful for other work. They can be depended upon for typographical technique, for uniform punctuation and spelling, and occasionally for correcting a serious lapse in grammar. That is about all. The higher criticism exercised by the old-school proofreader is now done in part on an editorial desk before the copy goes to the printer and in part it is not done at all.

* * * * *

ONE of the last of the old-school proofreaders whom the Drifter has the honor and pleasure of knowing is George Schumm, the man who for many years has read proof for *The Nation,* made up its pages, and attended to a score of details. He has done those things which correspond to the small boy's definition of salt as what makes food taste bad when you forget to put it in. Recently, having more than passed three score and ten, he has dropped the exacting duties he has been performing to take up for *The Nation* the equally absorbing but less strenuous work of reading foreign periodicals. It is worth while to say a word about him here, partly because he is an old-school proofreader of the highest type and partly because he is a radical who was fighting the good fight when most of those now carrying on were in their cribs or yet unborn. He came into the world in a town in Illinois, but when about three years old was taken by his parents to a community of German freethinkers settled about Sauk City, Wisconsin. At the ripe age of fourteen he decided his future destiny by chucking up his school to be printer's devil for *Der Pionier am Wisconsin* in Sauk City. Here he learned the printing trade, but the home town couldn't hold him and before he was out of his teens he trekked to Milwaukee and thence to San Francisco, where he set type for the *Abendpost*. With a fellow-worker he conceived the idea of starting a radical weekly; they put up $250 apiece and launched *Der Wecker*.

* * * * *

ALTHOUGH he had found himself fed up with school at the age of fourteen he had been an avid reader, ever greedy for more knowledge. One day while with the *Abendpost* he had to set the advertisement of a man who offered lessons in algebra. Before the notice appeared in the paper the typesetter presented himself at the man's door as a pupil. From another teacher he took lessons in French. After a year or so of publishing *Der Wecker* he turned over his interest in it to a brother and set out for Cornell University, then recently inaugurated as a workingman's college. He earned his way by working in the college printing shop and after taking his degree went to Chicago. While setting type there for the *Times* he made the acquaintance of George C. Miln, one of a group of liberal-minded clergymen in the early eighties who were publishing a not-very-orthodox religious periodical. The printer soon became editor, with the title of the paper changed to the *Radical Review*. Like many another such publication, it was faced by financial difficulties. A wealthy manufacturer offered to support it, but with the mental integrity that is perhaps his strongest trait the editor decided that the two of them did not see eye to eye. As a declaration of independence he got out a number of the *Radical Review* advocating anarchy. It was the last issue. Soon afterward the editor was again setting type—in Boston. Coming to know Benjamin R. Tucker, who was publishing the anarchist weekly *Liberty,* he was presently editing a German edition of it. With the repetition for which history is famous, financial difficulties again stalked upon the scene and again the editor went back to the printer's case. Early in this century he followed Tucker to New York City, where the latter had revived *Liberty* and also was running a book-publishing business. He was with Tucker until the plant burned down, when he became proofreader for the *Evening Post* and finally tied up with *The Nation*.

* * * * *

NEXT to his mental integrity and his personal kindliness, the strongest trait of this man is his self-effacing modesty. He will be surprised, pained, and outraged when he reads these words. But they are no hot-house bouquet. They are a tying together of flowers which he himself has planted along the way he has walked as a scholar and, in the best sense of the word, a gentleman—gentle to a disarming degree, and every inch a man.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Dr. Crile and the Honor Roll

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation's* Honor Roll for 1929, consisting of the names of persons "who have done honor to the United States as a whole or to their particular part of it," you include the name of Dr. George W. Crile for his heroism after the Cleveland Clinic explosion and fire.

The fire in question occurred on May 15, and 122 persons lost their lives in consequence. Two weeks later the National Fire Protection Association issued an illustrated report of the disaster, from which it is pertinent to quote:

> The properties of nitrocellulose film are a matter of common knowledge. Previous fires have given sufficiently gruesome evidence of the extreme inflammability of the film, and the noxious character of the gases given off when it burns. . . . Instead of being stored in a vault, protected by automatic sprinklers and provided with a vent to carry off fumes in case of fire, the film in the Cleveland Clinic was stored in an old coal bin, exposed to several potential sources of ignition, and with direct opening to a pipe tunnel and shafts that furnished a natural path of travel for the fumes to every room in the building. The most diabolical cunning could scarcely have devised an arrange-

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ment more surely calculated to spread death throughout the building. . . . For a number of years there has been available "safety" film, composed of cellulose acetate, and having no more fire hazard than paper or cardboard.

Dr. George W. Crile appears to have been the organizer and manager of the Cleveland Clinic. His bravery after the tragedy is commendable, but the 122 people who died because dangerous films were stored in an old coal bin are still dead.

ALEXANDER E. WIGHT

Wellesley Hills, Mass., January 8

Another Protest

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On your Honor Roll for 1929 I missed the name of the American Civil Liberties Union. In my opinion it should have headed the list.

New York, January 10 FANNY GOODMAN

Recompense for Injustice

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A question which should cause all Americans concern, in case pardons are granted to Mooney and Billings, is that of properly providing restitution for whatever injustice may be entailed in detaining innocent men in prison for thirteen years. It seems reasonable to hold that injustice by a court of justice should be righted as surely as that of any other social institution. If these two men are pardoned, and thereby acknowledged guiltless of the crime for which they have been mistakenly deprived of thirteen years of freedom, should not society do its utmost to repay in some measure for its mistake? This may not be easy to do. A substantial money payment may prove the best available form of recompense, inadequate as that would be. In case there is no precedent for such an essential act of justice does not the time approach for establishing one?

If this is impossible, I suggest the creation of a fund which should go to Mooney and Billings after their pardon. I will contribute twenty-five dollars if such a project is undertaken.

Berkeley, Cal., December 12 HARRY L. KINGMAN

Alexander William Mair

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When your reviewer wrote his notice of the Loeb Classical Library edition of "Oppian, Colluthus, and Tryphiodorus," for your issue of November 13, he apparently had not heard of the tragic death of its distinguished editor and translator, Professor Alexander William Mair. He was burned to death in his library, leaving a widow and twelve children to mourn his loss. Possibly misled by a remark in Mair's Preface, your reviewer says "here is the work of an old man." Mair was only fifty when he died. He says that the contents of this volume "are poor enough." This is true of Colluthus and Tryphiodorus, but very wide of the mark as far as Oppian is concerned. His work is of interest not only to the scholar but also to the sportsman and the zoologist. The Greeks had an immense knowledge of fishes and took great interest in them. We know that Alexander the Great allowed his friend and teacher, Aristotle, enormous sums for the study of ichthyology. In fact every zoologist should study Oppian. Mair died before his "Oppian," to which he had devoted so much learning and labor, was published. The "Callimachus and Lycophron," which he did for the Loeb Classical Library in 1921, is a further monument to his erudition, and has been highly praised by specialists in the field of Alexandrian poetry.

Professor Mair was not only an uncommonly fine Greek scholar and an inspiring teacher, but he also had the soul of a poet and a true poet's gift. Shortly after his death, H. J. C. Grierson brought out an attractive little volume containing a selection of Mair's poems (published by Messrs. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh). In the Preface will be found a tender description of the "silent frightened boy" who subsequently became the admired and beloved teacher of many a Scotch youth and maiden. The contents of this slight volume cannot fail to bring joy to every lover of true poetry and of perfect versification, and I hope that by calling attention to it I am doing a real service to many future readers. Besides many lovely original poems, the volume contains a number of translations from the Greek, Latin, French, and German. I doubt whether an ode of Horace or a bit of Virgil or from the "Anthologia Palatina" has ever been better rendered into another tongue. Then there are Mair's Greek versions of poems by such men as Tennyson, Landor, Heine, or Le Gallienne, to delight those who have command of that language. Of these Greek poems one may, without exaggeration, say that they are works of a genius. I know of nothing that equals his rendering of the doggerel:

In a cavern, in a canyon
Excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner
And his daughter Clementine, etc.

Murnau, Bavaria, December 5 JAMES LOEB

Who Shall Govern Antarctica?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The story of Commander Byrd's present expedition to the Antarctic regions will for a long time remain a source of inspiration to us all. The only disturbing feature is the recent discussion as to whether the newly explored regions shall be American or British territory. The Antarctic continent (if there is one) may in time become of some importance because of its animal and mineral resources and as a place for landing and radio stations in the future development of aerial navigation in the Southern hemisphere. Its strategic position in war can hardly be of much significance for some time to come. Is it therefore worth while wrangling about a territory whose value is entirely in an uncertain future?

I propose that the territory in question be turned over to the League of Nations, to be directly managed by it (no mandate to another nation!). The League could appoint a retired non-Anglo-Saxon diplomat to be governor, with the understanding that His Antarctic Excellency could continue to live on the Riviera. A small staff of assistants at the League headquarters could attend to the mapping of the region and other routine questions that might come up.

Should a private company desire to engage in fishing, mining, hunting fur-bearing animals, or scientific exploration, a charter or a license would be issued by the administration, under the governor's seal and signature. The same would apply to a landing field or a radio station, unless the administration should decide to build one on its own account, under rules and regulations approved by the League of Nations. Such a solution not only would do away with a vexatious discussion between this country and England, but would serve as a precedent in similar future territorial disputes and would strengthen the position of the League of Nations as an actual governing body.

Ithaca, New York, December 20 VLADIMIR KARAPETOFF

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Books and Drama

Love Songs After the Aztec

By JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY

I

Thou art a frozen mountain;
Let the sun of my love melt thee.

May the arrow of thy desire,
Winged with flame,
Find its home in my bosom
That I have bared for the dart.

Thou art come. Thy flaming arrow
Is aglow in my breast.
It feeds me and devours.
I shall press it closer, closer,
Till I am consumed.

Thou art a crater of fire
Beneath a cover of snow.

II

I rejoice, for my lover hath found me.
Shyly I hid, but he hath led me out.

Beneath the rock of modesty
I trembled into bud;
He hath hurled the rock down the cliff of desire
And bid me bloom.

The forest of maidenhood shadowed my yearnings;
He hath felled the trees with the ax of his longing
And bid me drink the sun.

I rejoice, for my lover hath found me.
Coyly I fled, but his arm encompassed the way.

As I eluded him, fear came upon me,
Fear of him tripped me;
I rested my head on his shoulder, and grew strong.

I rejoice, for my lover hath found me.

Cultural History

A Cultural History of the Modern Age. From the Black Death to the World War. Volume I: *Renaissance and Reformation.* By Egon Friedell. Translated from the German by Charles Francis Atkinson. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

THIS is the first volume to be translated of a projected four-volume history of European civilization. Only two volumes have so far appeared in Germany. The first of these, "Renaissance and Reformation," covers roughly the period from the Black Death in 1348 to the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War in 1618.

The publishers assert that since "The Decline of the West" no other work has made so great a European sensation as this book by Egon Friedell. The comparison with Spengler would be inevitable in any case. Herr Friedell himself suggests it when he offers a "pedigree" of his book, a rapid sketch of certain peaks in the "history of cultural history," ending with the name of Spengler, "perhaps the most powerful and vivid thinker to appear on German soil since Nietzsche." The Spenglerian influence is very great; it largely determines Friedell's general attitude not only toward history itself, but toward other realms of thought: his condescension toward mere logic, reason, "causality," science; his relish of paradox, his "Credo quia absurdum," his mysticism, his faith in superficial analogies, even his style, with its peculiar italicization.

Yet there are important differences. The two writers have not the same end in view. It was Spengler's object to demonstrate the existence and the nature of a *morphology* of history: his references to persons, institutions, and ideas were made not primarily for their own sake, but to illustrate and enforce a thesis. Friedell, on the other hand, though Spengler's ideas remain implicit in his work, has aimed to write not a philosophy of history but history itself. He does not, of course, return to the orthodox political narrative. He wants no "dull, barren registering of troop movements and diplomatic shuffings, successive rulerships and parliamentary negotiations," but a history of the whole range of human manners and customs, intellectual and spiritual life. And he presents this not by a strict chronological recital, but rather by unfolding a series of pictures or panoramas.

From the standpoint of logic, accuracy, and authority, nothing could be easier than a detailed criticism of Friedell's work. His introduction alone will completely undermine the confidence of many readers. He declares that accuracy in a history is far less important than the artistic personality behind the work; that genuine accuracy is impossible in any case; that all history is legend; that his own aim is nothing more than to tell "today's legend of modern history"; that not only is incompleteness unavoidable in history, but that only when the historian aims at this incompleteness deliberately does his work take on an artistic aspect; and finally that all successful history involves exaggeration.

In the body of his work Friedell almost never documents his assertions, weighs conflicting testimony, or balances probabilities; he simply makes the flat cocksure statement. When he wants to prove a dubious point he blandly ignores all instances that tend to discredit it. Thus he maintains that in the Italian Renaissance art and literature were created exclusively for a select audience of connoisseurs and experts, while in Periclean Athens there was "a culture for all." He seeks to bolster this by remarking that "anyone could understand a Sophocles, a Phidias, a Socrates" and omits any embarrassing reference to Aristotle's metaphysics or Plato's "Laws."

In his constant straining for arresting paradoxes he talks a good deal of rubbish. He professes to see in the pre-logical attitude of primitive man a sort of super-logic, and dismisses the "rationalism" of the last four centuries as "nothing more than a temporary *prejudice.*" He seriously pretends that we are greatly the poorer for the loss of the "irrecoverable science of astrology and destiny-calculation" of the Babylonians. He even affects such superstitions himself, and attributes the reported earthquakes at the time of the Black Death to the social upheaval: "If humanity was shaken by . . . a profound shudder . . . then the earth must have had some similar experience; and not the earth only but the neighboring planets, nay, the whole solar system."

Yet, as with Spengler, in spite of contradictions and absurdities, the final result is a book extremely readable and

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stimulating. I do not mean to imply that Friedell is a writer of Spengler's dimensions; he lacks the latter's force and originality and immense erudition. But he is intelligent, penetrating, and widely informed, and never obscure or heavy. His manner and tone, his capacity to portray an age compactly and vividly, often suggest Taine, and his prose has the vivacity, clarity, and lightness that we are accustomed to think of as French. There are, in addition to the rapid narrative, many fine expository passages scattered through the book—the analysis, for example, of the relation of geniuses to the age in which they appear, the criticisms of Rabelais and of the literary artistry of Bacon. One can only hope that the subsequent volumes of this history will prove as brilliant and absorbing as the first.

HENRY HAZLITT

Dime Novels

Dime Novels; or, Following an Old Trail in Popular Literature. By Edmund Pearson. Little, Brown and Company. $3.

I CAN imagine no one better fitted than Mr. Pearson to write the stirring story of the rise and decline of the dime novel and its little brother, the nickel library; he is quite obviously one who as a boy gloated over the extraordinary exploits of Buffalo Bill, Old Cap Collier, the James Boys, and other celebrated hunters, detectives, and desperadoes, and who still holds them in affectionate remembrance. Nor can I imagine a better job than he has done. For one thing, he has effectively disposed of the ancient canard, even yet heard in pietistic circles, that the old-time thriller was pernicious and immoral. He shows clearly, what every lover of the dime novel has always known, that in reality it was grotesquely strict in its moral standards; its heroes were always giants of chivalry, and the ladies who swished through its pages were paragons of modesty and virtue. Indeed, it is probable that a dime novel, or a nickel one for that matter, was never written which would not receive the approval of the modern censor, even the curious specimens in Boston. And instead of a formal literary history, Mr. Pearson has written a delightfully informal book packed with amusing quotations, with reproductions of the amazing works of art which illustrated the stories, and with comment upon the authors and publishers which answers innumerable questions that perplexed the boys of another century. He writes fascinatingly of both the dime novel and the nickel library, and traces in detail their various phases—the stories of the Revolution and early Indian warfare in the East, the tales of the great plains and the pioneer West, the thrilling sagas of New York detectives, the pious accounts of righteous messenger boys and divinely guided clerks, and the exciting yarns of the college heroes of the nineties. Truly, "thar's gold in them thar pages," and as the publisher says on the jacket, "the quoted matter alone is worth the price of admission."

The traditional dime novel is a thin, tattered volume of unlovely saffron hue, the cover ornamented with a gaudy picture portraying the hero at a time of great stress, and inside a tale of wild and absurd sensationalism. Invariably, according to the tradition, the story begins: "Bang! Bang! Bang! Three shots rang out on the midnight air, and another redskin bit the dust!" But the tradition is true only of the dime novel in its later period, after it had swept the country for almost half a century and built up a popularity comparable only to the modern craze for detective stories. The first ever published by the great firm of I. P. Beadle and Company, later Beadle and Adams, was "Malaeska: The Indian Wife of the White Hunter," by Ann Sophia Winterbotham Stephens, a writer who stood in the first rank of American novelists of the day. It appeared first as a serial in the *Ladies' Companion,* and opens very prosaically: "The traveler who has stopped at Catskill, on his way up the Hudson, will remember that a creek of no insignificant breadth washes one side of the village." Not until page 10 does the reader taste red meat. Then the hero cries: "Touch but a hair of her head, and by the Lord that made me, I will bespatter that tree with your brains!" "It took twenty or thirty years," Mr. Pearson writes, "for such exciting sentences to move up until they became first words on page one."

The early dime novels were thus thoroughly respectable, and were written by prominent novelists who were only attempting to follow in the footsteps of Fenimore Cooper and Walter Scott. During the Civil War such novels formed the bulk of the soldiers' reading matter and were delivered to the military encampments in great bales. It was not until competition forced the Beadles to cheapen their own product and to issue books of wild adventure and combat that dime novels acquired their bad name and were denounced as a literary plague and breeders of iniquity. But despite the gloomy speeches of the moralists, dime novels harmed no one; on the contrary they pleased and entertained millions.

Mr. Pearson makes the interesting point that the dime novel is still with us, though changed somewhat in form. Tales as wild as the old thrillers ever dared to be fill the innumerable magazines that clutter the newsstands, and appear as standard-sized books. The difference is that they are sold for two dollars instead of a dime. What are the works of Edgar Wallace and of S. S. Van Dine but dime novels? The feats of Mr. Wallace's detectives from Scotland Yard differ only in detail and setting from the exploits of Old King Brady and Nick Carter, and that sissified sleuth, Mr. Philo Vance, is blood brother to Old Cap Collier.

To this reviewer, at least, Mr. Pearson's book is one of the most absorbing in many months. Every man over thirty-five who recalls the breath-taking hours with the yellowbacks or the "nickul lib'ries" will hug it to his breast amid a flood of happy memories.

HERBERT ASBURY

Religio Medici

The Sciences and Philosophy. Gifford Lectures 1927-28. By J. S. Haldane. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.75.

IN the present volume an eminent physiologist joins forces with those of his scientific confreres who have recently rushed into print with confessions of faith. Perhaps it is still a little too soon to be sure just how many of these flirtations with metaphysics and theology are actually necessitated by the latest developments in science and how many of them are the result of a fashion made possible by the confusion into which physics and chemistry have been thrown by the most recent investigations. But one thing at least is certain: if the process at present under way continues much longer, then the theologians (now headed toward skepticism) and the scientists (now headed toward religion) will pass one another on the road, and the preacher, discovering that he believes less than the physicist, will find that the traditional conflict between science and religion has not so much been resolved as stood on its head, and that the difficulty which faces him is the difficulty of reconciling a rationalistic theology with a scientific attitude which grows increasingly mystical. Professor Haldane, to be specific, undertakes to review those problems of bio-chemistry which seem unsolvable in the terms of that science, and after several genuflections in the direction of Kant and a few rather more guarded acknowledgments of his debt to the Holism of Smuts he gets finally to a chapter on The Belief in Immortality

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and emerges with a version of pantheism which is to be distinguished from other varieties of the same thing by little except the road which one travels to reach it.

Professor Haldane begins with the now familiar analysis of the element of pure assumption in Newtonian physics. That great-grandfather of scientific thought assumed, so he reminds us, that physical reality is ultimately reducible to infinitesimal and independent particles which are capable of acting upon one another only in a fashion determined by their mass and relative position. This assumption that the material stuff of the universe is essentially "dead" matter became the fundamental postulate of physical science; and though it justified itself pragmatically in the investigation of simpler mechanical problems, it becomes increasingly difficult to understand how a living organism can be built up out of such eternally limited and isolated particles, since, to take one example, though the lungs perform certain mechanical functions explainable in accordance with the laws of gases, they perform other selective functions in maintaining a nearly constant quantity of oxygen in the blood which no mechanical reconstruction of their mechanism could perform. From this difficulty one may attempt to escape either by assuming the existence of mechanisms more subtle than any we have been able to understand or by assuming (as Newton's contemporaries for the most part certainly did) that life is something added to matter by virtue of which it can do certain things which matter alone could not. But Professor Haldane, after reviewing the difficulties inherent in both the mechanistic and vitalistic theories, comes to the conclusion that neither is tenable, and proposes a solution which involves the rejection of the fundamental Newtonian postulate.

If life is not something imposed upon "dead" matter and if, on the other hand, it is not explainable in terms of such "dead" matter, then the capacity for exhibiting the characteristic phenomena of life must be inherent in matter itself which, therefore, must be endowed with qualities not to be accounted for in any description which pictures it as composed of particles capable of no more than a mechanical action upon one another. Moreover, since physics itself has come recently to doubt whether or not even purely physical phenomena can be explained upon the basis of the Newtonian conception, the physiologist may feel justified in demanding that the whole problem of the relation between the inorganic and the organic be approached from a new angle and the continuity of the two established, not by reducing life to mechanical terms, but by demonstrating that matter itself is living—at least in the sense that it can act in ways unexplainable on the basis of purely mechanical theories of its structure. Thus for the billiard-ball universe of Newton in which isolated particles bombard one another is substituted a conception of matter which makes it essentially organic.

Once one has gone this far the temptation to follow a similar line of speculation is strong, and Professor Haldane takes another long step. The world of consciousness—the world in which what we call values plays an important part—is as obviously different from the world of simple organic life as that latter world is different from the world of mere mechanism. But the difficulties in the way of regarding man as an animal to whom a "soul" has been added are as great as the difficulties in the way of regarding an animal as a mechanism to which "life" has been added; and by a process of reasoning analogous to that used before, it becomes necessary to assume that something in the nature of the physical universe itself corresponds, not merely to life, but to consciousness and the world of values also. Hence the stuff out of which physical reality is composed is not merely organic but spiritual as well.

Certain objections to Professor Haldane's argument naturally arise. In the first place it may be questioned how many of the functions of religion can be performed by a pantheism so

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tenuous. In the second place it is not likely that a thoroughgoing mechanist would consent to be vanquished by an argument in which no mention is made of either conditioned reflexes or inherited engrams, and it is equally uncertain that the time has yet come to give up so completely the efforts to account for the existence of our sense of the reality of values in terms of a rationalistic psychology which proposes to deduce it from animal traits. But Professor Haldane would have, I fancy, a reply of sorts. He would reiterate his conviction that mechanistic theories have completely broken down and he would contend that he is offering (at the very least) a universe more livable than that of nineteenth-century science which left the animal alone in a dead universe and the human being alone in a world of beasts. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Van Buren

An Epoch and a Man: Martin Van Buren and His Times. By Denis Tilden Lynch. Horace Liveright. $5.

THERE have been few of the Presidents who furnish better material for a colorful biography than Martin Van Buren. A master politician, cunning in intrigue, suave as a Talleyrand, and resourceful beyond most men, it was the fashion of his time to put him down as the mere shadow of someone else —a superficial creature without depth or breadth or substance. Thus the average schoolboy for generations has been taught that Van Buren was one of the "little Presidents"; and he was nothing of the kind. Even his book on "The Origin and Cause of Political Parties" failed to affect this false conception of the man, but the long delayed publication of his autobiography has led to a reappraisal, and he has emerged at length as an able man of strong convictions and great courage. His contacts were such as to please a biographer. He knew and was advised by Aaron Burr, consulted with Jefferson, was an intimate of Jackson and, as an old man, was a friend of Tilden, thus covering a century of interesting figures in his friendships. But his methods, subtle, often subterranean, were not those that appeal to the imagination or catch the crowd. Essentially a leader of the leaders, his most important contributions to political history were more than half concealed. It has been more than forty years since Edward M. Shepard made the last serious attempt to give us a biography of Van Buren; now Mr. Lynch, fresh from his successful study of Tweed, gives us another and a new interpretation.

It is not so successful nor so clear as the biography of Tweed; but it is an improvement upon Shepard in its treatment of the Van Buren of pre-Jackson days. Here we have the intrigues and personalities of New York State politics from the time of Madison until Van Buren's retirement from the Presidency. Perhaps the author has gone too minutely into this provincial politics, introduced too many figures of little other than local importance, and thus created some confusion for the reader. The struggles of Clinton and the Livingstons, with Van Buren in the midst of them, are given with more or less detail, and the schemes of the Albany Regency are followed closely. The result is that the real bigness of Van Buren is almost lost in the detailed story of his minor intrigues. After all, his greatness, such as it was, is found in his national career, and this meant more than mere political management. Mr. Lynch combats the notion that his subject was a mere rubber stamp of Andrew Jackson. There has never been any justification for that assumption. The smaller man was overshadowed in the public view by the greater and more picturesque, but he was one of the wisest of Jackson's inner circle and there were times when he disagreed with his chief. On principles the two men were very close; they differed temperamentally as to

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methods. Jackson was the more courageous, though Van Buren would have written "less cautious"; this was shown in the difficulty Jackson had in pinning his friend down on the bank question. On domestic questions it can hardly be said that Jackson was influenced greatly by the Red Fox, as Van Buren was called. In the field of foreign relations no one influenced him more, though it is hardly fair to ascribe the amicable settlement of the controversy over French spoliations so exclusively to Van Buren as Mr. Lynch does. In that crisis Jackson was fortunate in the advice of three real statesmen with diplomatic experience and familiarity with foreign affairs —Van Buren, Edward Livingston, and John Forsyth. The three consulted together.

Mr. Lynch has crowded his volume with interesting and amusing episodes and with bits of drama which enliven it. He has contributed greatly to our knowledge of the New York career of Van Buren, but he is not so happy in his conception of relative values in the national field. His bibliography shows that he has read widely in preparation for his work; but unfortunately, I think, he has permitted himself to be dissuaded from the citations of authority that are essential in any historical or biographical work that is controversial in character.

CLAUDE G. BOWERS

The City of Dreams

The City of Tomorrow. By Le Corbusier. Translated from the eighth French edition. With an Introduction by Frederick Etchells. Payson and Clarke. $7.50.

THIS book might have been of great use as propaganda for building reform, since its author is one of the most successful architects of France and one of the greatest exponents of modern architectural theory. It was written, however, to convince a French public, and a good deal of it is unnecessary to an American reader and might actually keep him from taking the author seriously. A good many pages, for example, are devoted to showing that life in a modern apartment is superior in convenience and hygiene to life in an old-fashioned house or walk-up, and also that a skyscraper can be a thing of beauty; of all of which, of course, we are already convinced. More space is then taken by a quasi-philosophical hymn to the spirit of order. Man is conceived of as an animal who plans. He distinguishes himself by triumphing over rather than acceding to nature. His works, when he is at his best, appear in planned forms; that is, in straight lines, right angles, prisms, cylinders, etc.; hence the proper city is one built or planned with straight streets and well and sensibly spaced buildings. All this argument is employed to refute the proponents of cozy nooks and picturesque curves, but American readers will probably be sufficiently convinced by the point which Le Corbusier also emphasizes, namely, that the traffic of modern life forces city planning.

Where the book actually outlines a plan it should be valuable. Le Corbusier's idea is not original, but his knowledge and his persuasive style make it more forcible than it would be likely to be in other hands. The idea is to utilize the skyscraper to combine the virtues of urban and rural living. He would have one large building replace a number of small ones, and of the ground thus saved he would make a park. The whole city built in this way would be a great park traversed by wide roads and containing at intervals vast structures. The larger structures would be office buildings; they would be placed in the center, each with its own subway station, and the streets would radiate from them. Surrounding them would be apartment buildings built on a honeycomb plan so that each window would open on the great general park, thereby assuring the best light and air as well as a maximum of privacy. In the suburbs

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there would be garden cities. This arrangement, it is believed, would also solve traffic problems, since the population within a given area would be fixed and means of transportation could be adequately planned.

In the details of the houses Le Corbusier has some novel ideas. One of his premises is that beauty in a city comes from variety in the general plan and uniformity in detail. By detail he does not mean the decorative motifs but the nature of the roofs, the kinds of material, and the sizes and shapes of the walls. Accordingly he would design a unit apartment, to be reproduced en masse, which would be cheap and efficient and give agreeable formal sensations. The plan he suggests is a duplex arrangement, among its most attractive features being a convertible winter and summer garden. In the office buildings, because of the large park, set-backs would be done away with and we should have sheer structures, cruciform in plan and encased in glass brick. It is this brick and the masses of verdure that Le Corbusier counts upon to give warmth to his otherwise austere arrangement. WALTER GUTMAN

More War Stories

Storm of Steel. By Ernst Jünger. Translated by Basil Creighton, with an Introduction by R. H. Mottram. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Class of 1902. By Ernst Glaeser. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. The Viking Press. $2.50.

Schlump. The Story of a German Soldier Told by Himself. Translated by Maurice Samuel. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

"STORM OF STEEL" is a diary-like narrative of a former German officer of infantry who was glad to fight for his fatherland and would fight for it again with relish if need be. Jünger, the author, was not "disillusioned" by the war. He sees war, not as a catastrophic social phenomenon with peculiar ramifications and unpredictable consequences, but as a welcome patriotic duty and a glorious experience. The book deals almost entirely with action at or near the front. Jünger's description of actual fighting and his commentaries on war from the point of view of the line soldier are good. "The notion that a soldier becomes hardier and bolder as war proceeds," he declares, "is mistaken. What he gains in the science and art of attacking his enemy he loses in strength of nerve." How true, yet how little known by those inexperienced in warfare of today!

To me the book is dull; it is not cast in any artistic form, and it is slightly irritating because of the author's references to his citations and awards for bravery. It is the book of one whom a great experience has inspired to turn to writing; unfortunately it is not the work of one inspired by literature to treat a great theme.

"Class of 1902" is every moment a first novel. It is autobiographically written, and deals with an adolescent youth before and during the World War. As far as information and interest go the book has value; it creates a picture of middle-class German life and presents the political and social ideas current just prior to and during the war. It is, however, inartistic and badly written. Ernst Glaeser does not put himself back into childhood skilfully. At times he and the autobiographical "I" are too close (with the typical subjectively sympathetic closeness of the first novelist) while elsewhere he appears to apply his psychology of today to the psychology of adolescence. He shows this in the Hilde episode in which the hero plans to fall in love, falsely, with a girl in order to learn about sex from her.

Of these three books only "Schlump," to my mind, has any

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claim to literary quality. The anonymous author understands the art of fiction, utilizes form, seems to know what he wants to do, does it, and characterizes beguilingly his Schlump. He does not aim at the seriousness of the other two authors, but his book does show a bit of war, much of the life behind the front, and the break-up of the German army in the early days of November, 1918.

Schlump, a boy of sixteen at the outbreak of the war, volunteers for the infantry. After a taste of the front, of wounds, and the hospital mill, the emotion of patriotism wanes in the youthful breast. Schlump becomes content to hang on to any soft job he can get in the—to use an American army term—SOS; he "goldbricks." When the character of Schlump begins to deteriorate in the great military machine the author cleverly rehabilitates it through a certain circumstance and the vision of a sweetheart. All the while Schlump has very engaging casual love affairs, mainly of the body, which are the best points of quite a delightful book.

JAMES B. WHARTON

All Kinds of Poets

Our Singing Strength. By Alfred Kreymborg. Coward-McCann. $5.

ALFRED KREYMBORG'S outline of American poetry from 1620 to 1930 is, unfortunately, just what he names it—an outline. The book shows enormous reading, enormous research into sometimes very dead poets, and an amazing familiarity with the names of living poets; it shows almost nothing of an original point of view in criticism of these poets or an ability to judge verse writers according to their relative importance. Mr. Kreymborg is considerate of even the dead, and when he moves among the living he is very fearful indeed of treading on toes. His chapters on the more important figures add very little to Amy Lowell's and Louis Untermeyer's comment; his discoveries of minor figures who serve to make the development of American poetry continuous are not always convincing. If he steps forward with one foot to criticize the living poets, he steps backward two steps to flatter each one in turn.

It is, perhaps, still too early to undertake the task of placing critically most of these figures in American poetry. A book that attempted this would include long analytical essays on the important poets only and mention, perhaps, in passing, their followers. Certainly in such a book two-thirds of the poets named by Mr. Kreymborg would be dropped entirely, and the essays would include much more pointed and decisive comment on the really important poets of the most modern group. To the criticism of Eliot, Crane, and Cummings Mr. Kreymborg contributes almost nothing. "Our Singing Strength" may serve well as a text for further study, for more accurate grouping, and for more critical judgment.

EDA LOU WALTON

Books in Brief

The Lost Child. By Rahel Sanzara. Translated from the German by Winifred Katzin. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

This book handles a somber, Dostoevskian theme. Christian Scheffel, a happy tenant farmer in North Germany, loses control of himself when his four-year-old daughter, Anna, disappears. Following a period of lonely brooding, interspersed with wild-goose pursuits of rumors, he achieves a new lease on life, the Christian emotion of selflessness becomes the center of gravity of his soul, and he vows to dedicate his life to others. When he returns home his wife is dead, and slowly and sadly he rebuilds his life and his half-ruined fortunes. Eventually Anna's body is uncovered in one of Christian's barns and the murderer, a trusted servant, is sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment; when the term has expired Scheffel takes the fellow back into service. When at last Scheffel dies he has been for years a spiritual corpse. The story is well told and is full of genuine feeling, but the burden of exaggerated romance and mysticism palls.

Paterfamilias. By W. B. Trites. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $2.50.

Mr. Trites's novel of American family life is written in a pre-war, realistic vein of painful and prosy explicitness which misses realism. It deals with a doctor in an Eastern mill city in his personal, professional, and civic relationships. The story, however, is not focused on the doctor; it flows loosely around the various members of his family who seem predestined to dull and sordid catastrophes. The book is written almost entirely in dialogue, and the dialogue does not ring true. None of the characters, not even the long-suffering doctor, is completely realized, and the continually shifting focus leaves the reader weary and irritated. The social background of "Paterfamilias" is, no doubt, accurate enough, but this virtue fails to compensate for the lack of an inner movement and for the ineffectual characterization.

The Decline of the Age of Louis XIV; or French Literature, 1687-1715. By Arthur Tilley. The Macmillan Company. $8.

It is regrettable that this latest contribution of an illustrious scholar to the understanding of French literature and

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"WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT" appears on the page following

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history should be characterized by what the general public will consider a sober and uninteresting style; for the book is written with a surer knowledge and a keener insight than most so-called studies of the *grand-siècle* and would make an effective antidote to the propaganda of Bertrand and others. Despite the attention given to the few shining lights of the sun-king's reign (Saint Simon, La Bruyère, Madame de Maintenon, Fénelon, Massillon, and Bayle), the general impression is of an interim of darkness and mediocrity between the age of Racine, who had been commanded by the king to "give up everything" in order to write a history of the reign, and that of Montesquieu. The author, whose merits as a social and political historian have already been sufficiently manifested, has here devoted himself exclusively to an analysis of literary productions. But there is enough evidence in the letters and *belles-lettres* of the day to show that war, royal selfishness, court extravagance, and bourgeois indifference to general suffering signified more than the dramatist's striving for stage effect or the memoirist's effort to justify himself by disparaging others. The title of the book, though misleading, is thus not altogether inadvised.

The French Literature of Louisiana. By Ruby Van Allen Caulfield. Columbia University Press. $1.50.

A valuable contribution to the records of regional literature is made in this survey of French periodicals, books, and writers in the Creole corner of America, fragrant with the scents of old Europe. The colonial period and the early days of national history have elsewhere been surveyed; but of the later efforts to retain the French language in Louisiana and the pleasant, if not widely important, poems and novels and plays there produced this volume gives the fullest account. With brief biographical sketches and summaries of books, and an annotated bibliography of a hundred pages, the book indicates pleasant paths to the browser and points out sources for the scholar. The volume is one of the publications of the Institute of French Studies in Columbia University.

Drama

Ideal Corruption

NO regular theatergoer who sees "Children of Darkness" at the Biltmore Theater can fail to recognize in it the hand of the man who gave us, something more than five years ago, that delightful ironic comedy "The Firebrand." To say that is to say that Edwin Justus Mayer has kept his memory green over a period of silence which Broadway reckons as roughly equivalent to eternity, and it is, besides, to say even more, for it is to recognize the fact that Mr. Mayer has a style so nearly unique that any example of it is obviously his own.

The scene of the new play is ostensibly that of the private apartment where an eighteenth-century jailer keeps those of his unwilling guests who are able to pay for the privilege. Here a choice collection of villains practice upon one another the arts they had formerly cultivated in a wider sphere and, here, with the aid of the jailer's wanton daughter, they manage to find full scope for their genius. But wit flies back and forth—for these are accomplished scoundrels. Cynicism, refined and perfected, is carried to ineffable heights. Vice achieves a consistent code so perfect that it becomes an independent art, and man, deprived of everything except malice and wit, becomes an amazing creature whom one may admire without scruple for the simple reason that his victims are no better than he himself.

Success in a work of this kind depends, of course, upon the ability of the author to maintain a mood of ironic detachment, and this Mr. Mayer has found himself quite capable of doing. One of the characters remarks that "the most eminent poisoners have generally been of good family" and this observation will serve to suggest the tone consistently maintained and supported by a steady flow of brilliant phrases, sometimes as brittle and almost as cunningly wrought as those of Congreve. When a thief has reminded the wanton daughter of certain amorous favors which she has granted him, she reminds him that it is "a lady's privilege to remember, but a gentleman's duty to forget," and nothing could be better than that unless, perhaps, it is the reply of the same daughter to another declaration of love, made this time by a poet: "There are three things which a man says with equal ease: 'I love you.' 'Madam, I regret that it will be impossible for us to meet again.' And, 'By God she was as pretty a wench as ever I bedded with!' "

Yet polished phrases are only the ornaments of Mr. Mayer's writing. His greatest gift is a gift for comedy of the purest and most artificial kind, in which he leaves any real scene in order to create an imaginary world in which his fantastic yet clear-cut characters can function perfectly, and where, besides, they need be judged by no standards extraneous to themselves. He may call this world Renaissance Italy as he did in "The Firebrand," or eighteenth-century England as he does in the present play, but for him history is only a device for escaping from actuality, and the scene is really laid in one of the many provinces of the Realm of Comedy—in, to be precise, that particular province where nothing except wit and villainy count, and where, therefore, wit and villainy can achieve a perfection wholly delightful because they are, in that world, the measure of all things.

No one incapable of appreciating the comic possibilities of total depravity will enjoy this play. He will not perceive the charm of even Lord Wainwright (committed to prison because an inability to endure cant compelled him to poison "my wife and a few of her more intimate friends"); he may even fail to understand how a comedy which contains nothing except wickedness can be wholly exhilarating. But such an unfortunate is incapable of enjoying any manifestation of the comic spirit, for that spirit demands that the mind take a moral holiday more complete than it can ever enjoy outside the realm of art and that, for once, it judge all things as though its burdensome spouse, the heart, had never existed.

The trouble with the real world is that it is too badly mixed. In it, neither goodness on the one hand nor wit on the other is ever quite enough. But Mr. Mayer gives us a microcosm ideally corrupt and somehow delightful—perhaps because when we are in it we at least know where we are. The only pity is that he found it necessary at the end to introduce a touch of sentiment, for to suggest the possibility of virtue is not so much to relieve the corruption as to destroy the harmony of consistent depravity.

Mary Ellis stands out from a generally excellent cast which includes both Basil Sydney and Eugene Powers—the latter very fine as the ineffable Lord Wainwright. On the American stage Miss Ellis is hardly equaled for parts which require a hoydenish yet sophisticated wit, and it is too bad that in these days so few plays give full scope to a talent most completely at home in artificial comedy.

The new company established by Leo Bulgakov offers as its first production a performance of the familiar Gorki play, now called in a new and very slangy version "At the Bottom" (Waldorf Theater). The individual actors vary considerably in the finish and intelligence they bring to the play but the whole effect is good. It is worth seeing.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Plays to See

*At the Bottom—Waldorf—116 W. 50th St.
**Children of Darkness—Biltmore—W. 47th St.
*Civic Repertory—14th St. & 6th Ave.—See Advertisement.
*Criminal Code—National—W. 41st St.
*Death Takes a Holiday—Barrymore Theatre—47th St., W. of B'dway.
Ruth Draper—Comedy—41st St. E. of B'dway.
**Everything's Jake—Assembly—39th St., E. B'way.
*Josef Suss—Erlangers—44th St., W. B'dway.
**June Moon—Broadhurst—W. 44th St.
**Meteor—Guild—W. 52nd St.
*Red Rust—Beck—302 W. 45th St.
**Strictly Dishonorable—Avon—W. 45th St.
***Sweet Adeline—Hammerstein—Broadway & 53rd St.
***Wake Up and Dream—Selwyn—42nd St., W. B'dway.
*Drama. **Comedy. ***Musical.

Films

Disraeli—Central Theatre—Broadway and 47th St.
"Wind"—Film Guild—52 W. 8th St.

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Rodin's Bronzes & Drawings—Balzac Art Galleries—102 E. 57th St.—Through Feb. 8.
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South Africa's "White" Problem

THIS illuminating account of the present state of affairs in South Africa generally and in Natal in particular was written by a correspondent in South Africa for the *New Statesman,* from which we reprint it. The "black" election referred to was primarily a fight for the premiership between General Smuts, leader of the South African Party, and General Hertzog of the Nationalist Party. General Hertzog, who won the election, made the race question the main issue in the campaign with his slogan of "a white South Africa." General Smuts contended that the race issue should be kept out of politics.

The "black" election of June last has already begun to bear fruit. Having deliberately appealed to the country's anti-black fears and prejudices, the government had to show that it was as good as its word and take any occasion that offered to uphold the white man's prestige (in the good old Back Veld way) and teach the natives a lesson and a proper respect for the forces of law and order. Recent happenings in Durban, where the new young Minister of Justice, Mr. Pirow, has sought to emulate Mr. Churchill's Sidney Street exploit, have doubtless had some notice in the cables. They are, perhaps, more significant as evidence of the European mental approach to our problems than of deep-seated native discontent—which no doubt exists—and "unrest" at the habitual manifestations of that mentality in policy and in administration.

For a long time past the natives of Natal have had good reason for discontent. In the older, more spacious days large numbers of native families found homes on European-owned farms as share-paying squatters. The 1913 Land Act made the shares system illegal, decreeing that natives should hold farm land only if they gave ninety days of "labor service." In Natal since 1913 there has also been a notable development of European agriculture, with less room for squatter families of any kind, and increased pressure on those remaining as labor tenants. Evictions became common; those evicted, and others, removed to the "Reserves," which in turn have become uncomfortably crowded—the result being a heavy drift, both from farms and from the increasingly crowded "Reserves," to the towns. The Natal natives, being proud but not very advanced or enlightened Zulus, with a common language and a strong Zulu tribal tradition, are likely to stand together in a common emergency better than the very mixed native community, say, of the Rand. The Zulus, moreover, have never taken to mine labor, but habitually prefer to take their chance of urban occupations in general service as store boys or as dock laborers. In spite, therefore, of the shortage of labor in the mines and elsewhere, urban wages in Natal have been even more than usually stagnant—by some reliable accounts showing little or no rise on pre-war standards. Meantime evictions from farms have continued, economic pressure generally has been intensified, and even rural natives have flocked to join the rather bellicose but perhaps inevitably ill-organized and not very effective trade union, the Industrial and Commercial Workers' Union, or the I.C.U.

Now to the small white community of Natal the Zulu War of 1879 is still a very live memory; quiet and peaceable citizens live in real dread of fire and murder on lonely farm homesteads. White Natal, moreover, is politically conservative, and in the worst sense "imperialistic"—readily entertaining a *Times* or even a *Morning Post* horror of the world-wide machinations of bolshevism, red, white, and black. For their own part these nervous Natalians have failed on the whole to meet even the urban problem of providing satisfactory living conditions for their hosts of town laborers; and native discontent, and for a time the I.C.U., have grown apace. In defiance of all evidence the I.C.U. is held to stand for sheer bolshevism, the precursor of something like a general Zulu rising. Twice at least I.C.U. offices in remote country *dorps* have been sacked by a European mob (without the white culprits being brought to book); and in June last a native boycott of municipal beer-shops in Durban led to riots in which (by the finding of a judicial inquiry) the high-handed intervention of white civilians was in large measure responsible for serious loss of life.

Since June nothing at all has been done to allay native discontent, and the well-sustained boycott of the municipal beer-shops has served to keep excitement alive. Meantime, by reason of poverty, of clumsy and defective administration, and to some extent perhaps by native design, collection of the relatively very heavy poll-tax had fallen into arrears. Periodical raids by the local police were none too effective, and, by the official account, on one occasion the natives counter-attacked and released forty of a band of some 150 arrested defaulters. This much, therefore, may be said for Mr. Pirow's exploit, that in face of native discontent the all too normal police method of tax-collecting could not continue unless backed by an overwhelming show of force.

Some time ago, accordingly, while the minister responsible for Native Affairs went off as if unconcerned to his peaceful farm, his colleague of Justice, having first gazetted a stringent Riotous Assemblies bill for the compassing of future "agitators," collected a powerful force of police, himself took aeroplane to the scene of operations, and about three o'clock one morning stood by while the minions of the law routed natives from their beds, exacted salaams of respect, demanded tax receipts, collected a "disappointingly" small number of "lethal weapons" (evidence of "Red" plots), and effected the arrest (not necessarily the conviction) of a few hundred of the 5,000 natives thus "rounded up." About six, as a parting shot, and as an "experiment," the gas squadron (themselves fully armed with gas-masks) dropped among the unoffending spectators thus rudely wakened from their beds apparently as many as three tear-gas bombs—"specially provided," says Mr. Pirow's official statement (to a Nationalist Party meeting), "for it is as harmless as it is effective, and will no doubt be extensively used in future native disturbances." Mr. Pirow himself was soon satisfied with the "complete success" of his demonstration and flew back to Pretoria, followed a few days later by his special police force, which had in the meantime similarly combed and scoured all the rest of Durban and its neighborhood. A few days later again it was announced (as it might well have been many months earlier) that the statutory Native Affairs Commission was being ordered to Durban to investigate and report on native grievances—the commission being a body of three with unlimited "powers" of advising the government, but no assurance of its advice being taken, or even made known for the education of the public.

So the white man's power has been vindicated and a wholesome lesson of respect for the "law" inculcated—by methods of highly dubious legality. Mr. Pirow's is unmistakably the voice of the Back Veld to which the government made its electoral appeal; a young and inexperienced minister, who never in his life has had dealings with any but his own native servants, is as

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confident as those he represents of his ability to govern the great native peoples of South Africa, as he would his own farm or kitchen, by sheer "benevolent" despotism. Natal is little if any better than Mr. Pirow and the Back Veld; what had a little more excuse in the primitive days of the Zulu War, enforced "respect" and unbending despotism, must alone prevent a recurrence of the events of far-away 1879 in the industrial conditions of 1929.

If a more liberal and enlightened alternative government were in sight our plight were less desperate. But even while Mr. Pirow gallivanted in Durban, General Smuts, our one internationally minded statesman and intellect, was shocking even staunch admirers by his deliverances on African policy at the Sheldonian Theater in Oxford. South Africans perhaps get their share of outside criticism and are always hotly resentful of such partial and ill-informed opinions. An outstanding South African representative like General Smuts might have been expected to be careful to give the whole truth. At Oxford, on the contrary, he was inaccurate in his history—very politely chiding the missionaries and philanthropists for their past failures, when the truth is that South Africans themselves forcibly prevented the carrying out of a "humanitarian" policy which might have saved them from the embarrassments of a native land problem, whose existence General Smuts himself faintly admitted. He was still more inaccurate in his description of present-day conditions. He painted an almost wholly fanciful picture of a native population—really barely half the total—comfortably placed in large "Reserves," sending their male folk out to work (he did not say the conditions are so severe that 50 per cent and more of the adults are perforce absent at any one time, though the Mandates Commission suggests 5 per cent as a maximum compatible with social stability); what time "the children attend the village school" and the "women keep the home fires burning"!

General Smuts did indeed recognize the existence of another class, not quite so small as he and others commonly imagine, of completely detribalized, urbanized, and even educated natives who do not fit into this picture. In spite of them he plumped for a visionary scheme of "segregation," manifestly inclining to the now much-favored plan of separate and "communal" representation of natives, if they are to have any voice at all in the sovereign Parliament. But the Union of South Africa today is the monumental warning of the dangers of just such a class and "communal" representative system. For such purely native areas as remain, the plan may yet be tried; but in fact nearly half of our natives live and work and have their being in immediate dependence on farmers or other white employers, with interests inseparably bound up with those of the European community. The sponsors of a communal franchise for natives make it abundantly clear that the representatives of natives shall be only a handful, thus threatening to perpetuate and intensify the present injustices which arise of necessity from the dependence of any conceivable South African government on what except for a few Cape seats is an exclusively white electorate.

This white electorate is our real problem, since for political ends it is even encouraged in its prejudice of thinking of the natives as a "menace," not as an essential part of a greater whole. Nervous South Africans are as much to be pitied as blamed. Poor whites fear native economic competition and, as in Natal, memories of native wars are still so vivid as to confirm Europeans in Mr. Pirow's misplaced confidence in a "prestige" resting wholly on force. If the country is to be saved from itself it must have a sharp lesson—perhaps even now, in pain and travail, it is laboring under the birth of a new white mentality. Mr. Pirow has had a poor press, and General Smuts has not wanted critics. European concern matches native resentment and discontent, and the state of tension revealed in the daily papers cannot safely continue. The handful of more enlightened natives, acknowledged by General Smuts, are evidence that, in a community avowedly democratic, native policy cannot forever be a matter of dictation to the servants' hall. Hard as the lesson is to learn, the domination of Europeans must give way to the securer bonds of conciliation and consent.

Contributors to This Issue

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HERBERT ASBURY is author of "Carry Nation."

WALTER GUTMAN is at work on a book of modern art.

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Tuesday, Jan. 28—Mr. William B. Curry—"The Theory of Light from Newton to Einstein."

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Wednesday, Jan. 28—Dr. Rexford Guy Tugwell—The Industrial Discipline—"Changing Ways of Life."

Thursday, Jan. 30—Dr. E. G. Spaulding—The Development of Fundamental Ideas and Fundamental Problems in Philosophy and Science. "What Is Progress?"

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